THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXVII—No. 998

JANUARY 17, 1923

Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper

WINTER SPORTS NUMBER

Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped

20 for 1/6

Also 50's & 100's.

The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe

Spinet The SUPER Mixture

2/2 per 2oz. In enamelled pocket tins.

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE

By Appointment to H.M. King Georgs V.

Ask your dealer to show you shirts made from

Horrockses'

FAST COLOR SHIRTINGS

FAST TO SUN AND WASH. REPLACED IF COLOR FADES

HORROCKSES FAST COLORS

THIS TAB ON A SHIRT GUARANTEES THE QUALITY

24

SPEND THE WINTER IN BRIGHT AND SUNNY SOUTHSEA.

ROYAL BEACH HOTEL

The only Hotel on the Sea Front.
First-Class Cuisine. Self-Contained Suites.
Lift. Garage close by. Strictly moderate Tariff.

'Phone: 2081. Telegrams: "Sunshine Southsea.
BOOK TO FRATTON STATION. MISS ARMSTRONG, Manageress.

For **Chest and Throat Colds.**

Trade **Vaseline** Mark

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PETROLEUM JELLY

APPLIED EXTERNALLY BRINGS RELIEF. ALSO FOR ALL RHEUMATIC PAINS.

Better than a mustard plaster.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. COY. CONS. WILLESDEN, LONDON, N.W.10.

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MADE UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

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THE SUPER LEATHER FOR SOLES

Footwear soled with "Dri-ped" is guaranteed to give double wear and positive foot protection against colds and chills.

Look for the DRI-PED REG. *purple diamonds*

(P) 104

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The CLASSIC CALCOTT

The 13.9 h.p. CALCOTT Coupé

Two-Seater is of larger dimensions and horse-power than the standard 11.9 h.p. Model. The new power unit has passed the severest tests on bench and road, and will add further laurels to the reputation of the CALCOTT for speed, power and reliability. Those motorists desiring "just a little more" will find it in the 13.9 h.p. CALCOTT.

Finished in Royal Blue, upholstered in Blue Leather, Electric Lighting and Starting, Speedometer and Clock, Hood Cover, Nickel Fittings and usual Accessories.

Price £525

representing the best value in its class.

All CALCOTT Cars are fitted with Dunlop Tyres.

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Established 1885.

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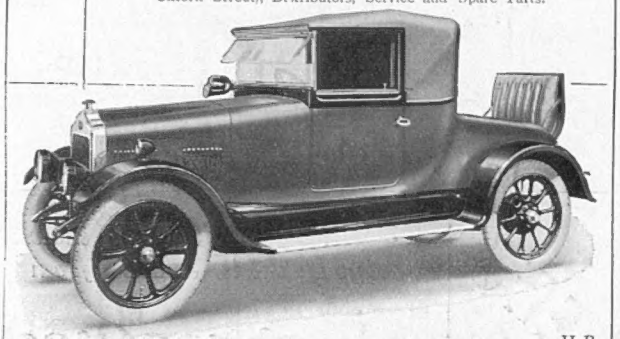
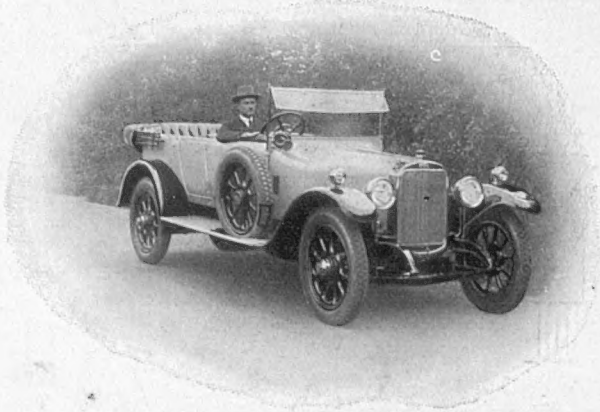


H.P.

THE SUPREME
SUNBEAM
16/40 h.p. 4-cyl. Model



16/40 h.p. model with 5 seater touring body **£895**

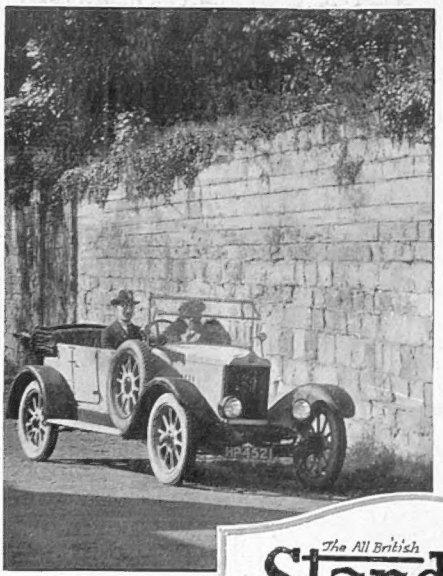
Opinion of a Satisfied Owner.

" . . . I have just completed 15,000 miles without an involuntary stop, and never yet had the engine taken down, the valves ground, the clutch adjusted, or collan oil put on the clutch leather, nor had I to touch a nut or sparking plug (the original plugs are still in use) and my 'SUNBEAM' is running absolutely as well as ever. I think this forms a unique record. I am simply charmed with the car, and hence my letting you know of its marvellous performance."
W.A.

OTHER MODELS
14 h.p. and 24/60 h.p.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.

WOLVERHAMPTON *Head Office & Works* - - - - - Moorfield Works.
LONDON - - - *Showrooms & Export Dept.*, 12, Prince's St., Hanover Sq., W.1.
- - - - *Southern Service & Repair Works*, 177, The Vale, Acton, W.3.
MANCHESTER - - *Showrooms* - - - - - - - - - 106, Deansgate.
- - - *Northern Service & Repair Works*, 288/294, Eccles New Rd., Weaste.
NEW YORK - - - *Showrooms* - - - - - - - 25, West 57th Street.



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Standard

Light 2 & 4-Seaters: 11 & 8 h.p.

"A JOY TO POSSESS," "a pleasure to handle," "always a reserve of power," "splendidly sprung for rough roads," "light on petrol and oil."—So say "Standard" owners.

11 h.p. models, both £450.
8 h.p. models, from £275.
Send for particulars:
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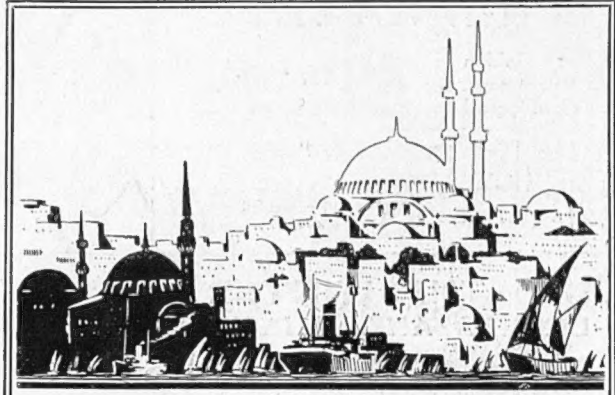

A Product of Fine Skill working on exquisite material

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Highest Grade
TURKISH CIGARETTES

Size 3 in Decorated Tins of 100-**9/11**; 50-**5/1**; 25-**2/6**

For Smokers of Cultured Taste who appreciate Refinement

Diplomat VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

In Artistic Boxes of 25-**2/-**; 50-**4/-**; 100-**8/-**

Blended and Manufactured from the Choicest Growths
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Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. 260

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Transformation

The Symbol of Perfection

THE Style, adaptability and perfectly natural appearance of ***"La Naturelle" French Transformations*** *are always a revelation to those who have hitherto been content with the ordinary transformation.*

Always admired, but ***never*** *detected. Made to individual requirements and easily arranged in any style of coiffure,* ***"La Naturelle" French Transformations*** *are suitable for every occasion and are unsurpassed for their natural appearance under all conditions.*

TOUPET from **5** *Guineas.*

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Write for Catalogue de Luxe, send for Appro. Selection, or call and interview Mons. Georges, The Pioneer of the Natural Parting, who has no superior in the Art of Proaucing Natural Transformations.

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One of the newest additions to the Excelsior range is this charming model for evening wear. In cut, fit and workmanship it conforms to the highest standards and in charm and elegance it stands alone—because only the finest materials are selected and the sole leather is English Oak Bark Tanned—the old-fashioned process of curing that gives unusual comfort and wear.

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear."

Excelsior

MODEL 2532
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Original design Regd.
In fine Black Satin, braided with Gold Pin Stripe. Also in Nigger, Grey or White Satin.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining "Excelsior" Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & Co., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL.

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We Pay Carriage on all orders in the British Isles

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WINTER SALE of HOUSEHOLD LINENS

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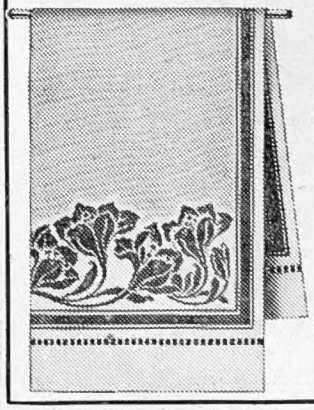

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No. 201. Huckaback Face Towel fine quality, pure Linen, Damask border. Hemstitched ends. Size 25 x 40 ins.
Sale Price
55/- per doz.

HANDKERCHIEFS ABOUT HALF PRICE
1000 Dozens Ladies Pure Irish Linen, fine useful quality, hand-embroidered initial. Size 11¼ inches sq.
Usual Price 12/9 doz.
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1575

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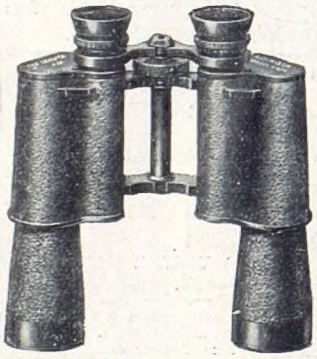
PRISM BINOCULARS
EVER MANUFACTURED



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Price, with central screw focussing, as illustration:

x 16 Magnification £12 0 0
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Including best solid leather sling case and lanyard.
Write for Illustrated Price List No. 11 B Post Free.

THE LEVISTA is indispensable where high power is the first consideration—for Big Game Shooting, Nature Study, Deer Stalking, Travelling and Exploring.
It is not intended for ordinary touring or racing, as the power is too great; glasses of lower power for these purposes are described in our catalogue.

AITCHISON & CO. LTD.
Established 1880.
Opticians to British & Allied Governments
428, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Trade Mark.
"GOVERNMENT MARK VI COMPASSES."

Less than 1/3rd of pre-war price. Size 1¾ ins. Weight 1¾ ozs. Watch size, Nickel case Pocket Compass with luminous radium points and direction line for night reading.
4/6, *post free.*

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Full particulars from any Tourist Agency or
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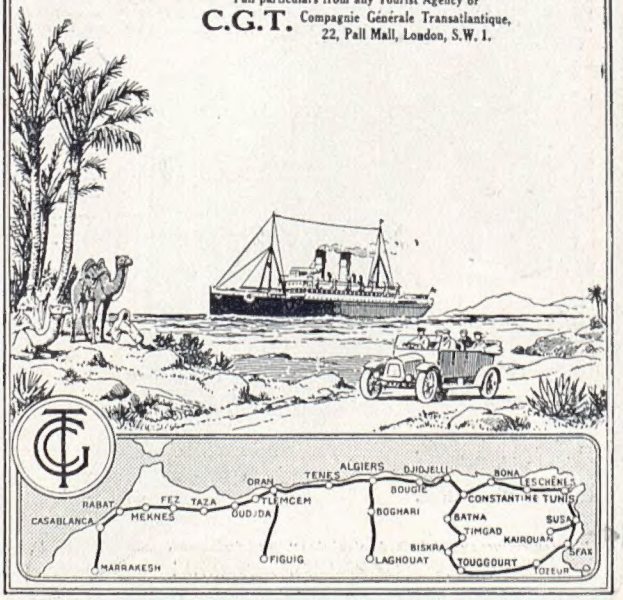


The Bystander, January 17, 1923 No. 998. Vol. LXXVII.

The BYSTANDER

Drawn by Alan Stern at a special sitting for THE BYSTANDER

MRS. VICTOR MILLER

Well known in hunting and sporting circles as one of the finest lady riders to hounds in the kingdom, and a splendid golfer. She was formerly Miss Barbara Lowther, and is a niece of Lord Lonsdale

How We Blossom Out Above the Snow Line

BY E. T. REED

Why is it that ordinarily sedate people (more or less) really let themselves go sartorially when the thermometer goes well below freezing point?

"All the World's a Stage"

Snow and Sunshine

THE picture papers are hovering between snow and sunshine—reminding us that while it is winter in Switzerland, it is summer in the Sunny South. We look at the photographs of the ice-bound Alps, and a jolly shiver goes through us. Then we turn a page, and bask in the golden warmth of the Côte d'Azur. They are sleighing at Mürren and playing tennis at Cannes, but we stay-at-homes are made to feel hot and cold in alternate spasms. It can't be good for us, these sudden changes of temperature. No wonder we catch cold so easily at this time of year.

My Rock Garden

THE only winter sport I shall get this year will be found among my Alpine rock plants—my pink Abelia Lupestris and my white Antennaria Tomentosa. I shall wander through my Saxifrage section, my Primula section and my Campanula section, and imagine that I am trying to lose my life on the Jungfrau. Then I shall make a dash for the 9.46—and catch the 10.22, with luck.

The Return of the Sovereign

I HAVE had a lot of correspondence concerning my recent remarks about the return of gold coinage. A gentleman who inadvertently lit a cigar with a Treasury note says that you couldn't lose a sovereign that way, while quite a lot of readers have sent me newspaper accounts of the poor woman who lost her life savings in a fire. A playgoer asks me how that splendid dramatic figure, the miser, can possibly survive unless the golden sovereign returns to justify his existence. I agree that *Les Cloches de Corneville* played with Treasury notes would be a comparatively tame affair. I hadn't thought of that. Evidently there is something to be said for both sides.

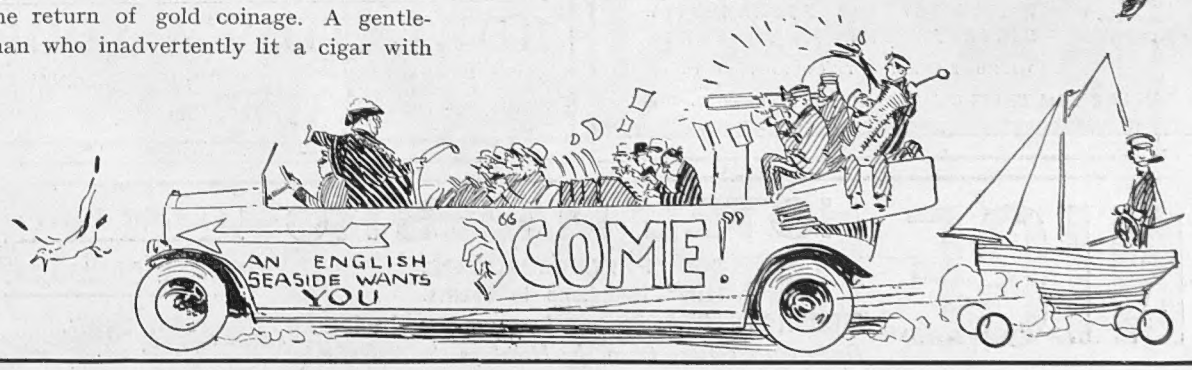
Do You Keep Letters?

TALKING of hoarding, isn't it extraordinary how people hoard letters, even though their existence may incriminate or inconvenience them in a dozen different ways? With each new law case, this curious fact is again evidenced, and the prosecution never fails to find the proof it needs in the shape of correspondence that ought to have been put in the fire—and wasn't. A wise woman told me once that the only letter she ever kept was the last one.

A Turmoil of Traffic

WITH the completion of the new cinema-restaurant on the old Tivoli site, the widening of the Strand will be carried another step forward. Heaven alone knows how we shall manage to cross this turmoil of traffic when all the narrow bits have gone. At present, by taking your life in your hand, you can

(*Continued on page 127*)



ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45.
ARNAUT BROS., FLORENCE SMITHSON, ARTHUR PRINCE & "JIM," RATOUCHEFF'S LILLIPUTIANS, Etc.

ADELPHI. (Ger. 2645 & 8886). THE ISLAND KING.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATS., WEDS. & SATS. at 2.15.
W. H. BERRY, Nancie Lovat, Dorothy Shale, Louie Pounds, Peter Gawthorne, C. M. Lowne, George Bishop, Alfred Clark.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). Evenings at 8.15.
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE
Huntley Wright, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand, Phyllis Dare.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). JOSÉ COLLINS
in "THE LAST WALTZ" by Oscar Straus.
The ROBERT EVETT Production.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATINÉES, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Mgr. MARIE LÖHR. Evgs. at 8.30.
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30
THE LAUGHING LADY.
Leslie Faber, Violet Vanbrugh, and Marie Löhr.

NEW. (Reg. 4466). Nightly at 8.30.
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
THE GREAT WELL by Alfred Sutro.
MATHESON LANG, Laura Cowie, Mary Jerrold, Reginald Owen.

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Evenings at 8.30. Mats. Mon., Wed. & Sat. at 2.30.
THE CO-OPTIMISTS.
(5th Programme).

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Matinées Daily at 2.
"PETER PAN"
EDNA BEST. LYN HARDING.
Every Evening at 8.30. "THE HAPPY ENDING.'

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Secretary:—J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C.B.E.

Special price reduction on all classes of "FIFE" Footwear during this month. Write for Catalogue with reduced prices.

THE RENOWNED
'FIFE'
BROGUE SHOE

IS THE FAVOURITE AMONG LADIES OF TASTE owing to its distinctive style, honest quality, and long service.

Splendidly made from best materials with one Strap buckling over instep, Steel slides on front, Walking Sole, and Cuban Heel. Willow or Box Calf Leathers. Reduced Prices
Order No. 598. Black, per pair **29/6**
Order No. 599. Tan, per pair **31/-**
Also in Nigger or Grey Suede, cut from Weilda Calf Skins, recommended with every confidence **34/-**
Carriage paid in U.K. Foreign postage extra. Can be had in all sizes. Send size or outline of foot, and Postal Order.

A. T. HOGG, (No. 181) Strathmiglo, Fife
Pioneer and Leader of Boots by Post Trade.

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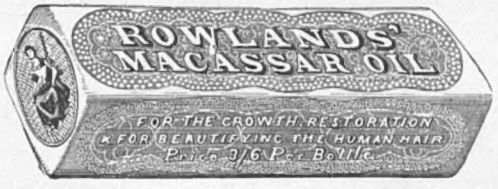
not Electrolysys not a Depilatory
The Solray Trade Mark.
Permanent Cure guaranteed

Consultations invited without any obligation

BY AN ENTIRELY NEW METHOD THE WONDERFUL SOLRAY TREATMENT PAINLESSLY AND PERMANENTLY DESTROYS ANY HAIR GROWTH
WITHOUT LEAVING THE SLIGHTEST TRACE
THE SOLRAY CO., Ltd (HELEN CRAIG), 15, Hanover St., Regent St. W.1.



Your Hair will look Better, will be more beautiful, longer and finer by using
ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL
It will keep your Children's Hair always in good condition; Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sizes: **3/6, 7/-, 10/6**

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR
Soothes, Preserves and Beautifies the Skin, prevents Irritation and Cutaneous Defects, and is warranted harmless, in **2/6** and **5/-** bottles. Sold by Stores, Chemists and **ROWLANDS'**, 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1

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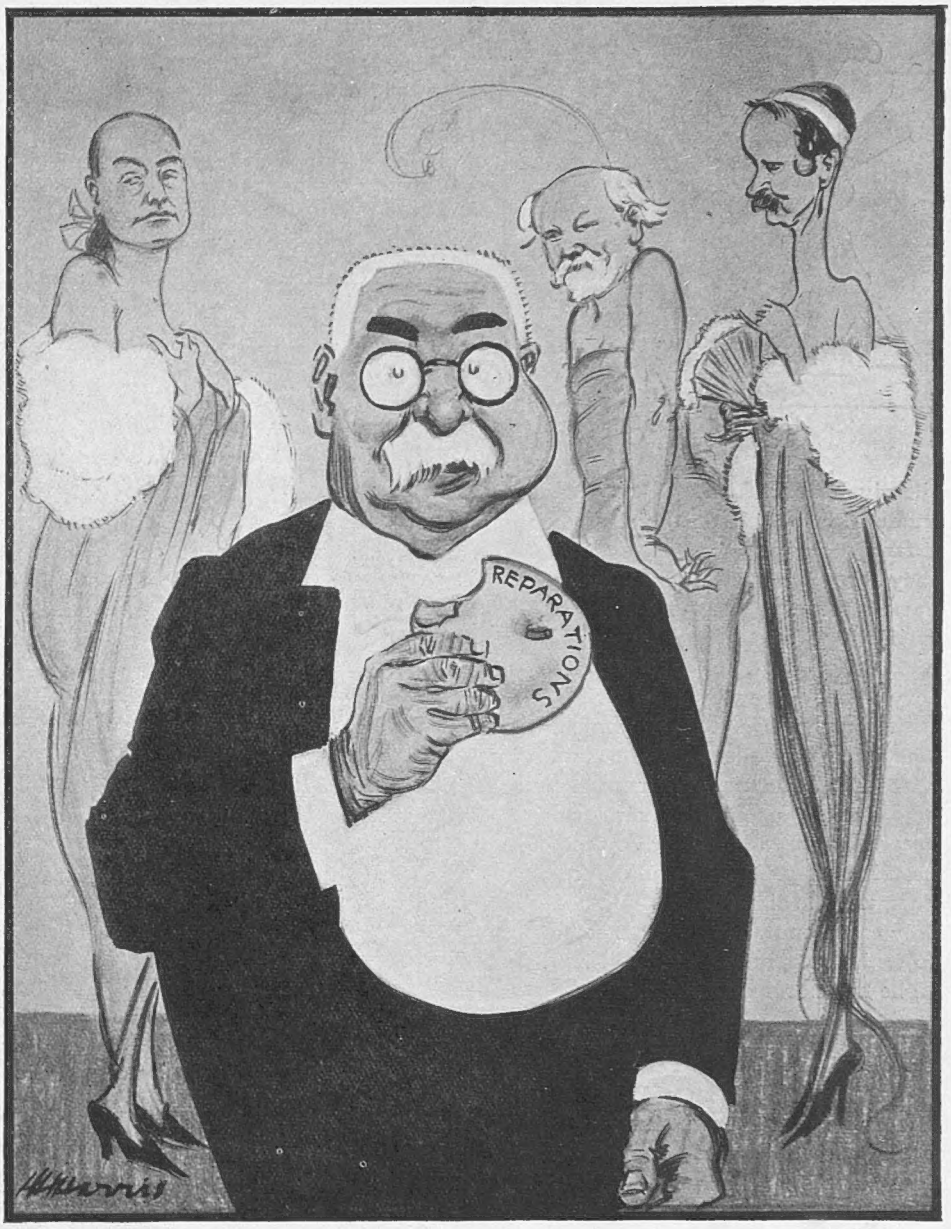
HOTEL MAJESTIC
300 PRIVATE BATHS.
Trunk Telephone in Rooms.
MODERATE CHARGES. Luxury Tax included.
Daily auto service from the Hotel to the Golf Links.
LEADING HOTEL.
LARGE GROUNDS.
HENRY EMERY,
General Manager.

Made and Printed in Great Britain

just do it with a hop, skip and a jump, but something overhead or underground will be needed when the improvement scheme is complete.

A Bit About Books

A good deal of fun has been poked at the child who told the American *Bookman* that she liked only books in red covers. To my mind, that is a most understandable kink—the hall-mark of the true bibliophile. Personally, I cannot abide those pocket editions that are printed on India paper with a view to getting a quart of type into a pint of pages. A white label on a linen or canvas binding appeals to me immensely, and a few tattered Tauchnitz editions (pre-War) are among my most treasured possessions.



THE "JUDGMENT OF PARIS!" By H. H. Harris

The Camouflaged "Claque"

At the London Broadcasting Station from which ready-made concerts are supplied nightly, it is proposed to add verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing performance by engaging enthusiastic audiences to clap the various items. But is this such a novelty? Most of us, I imagine, can remember the paid applause, known as the *claque*, which was last heard, officially, at the Alhambra; and to judge from the indiscriminating applause heard at certain first nights, the *claque* is still with us in a slightly camouflaged form.

"Gentleman Jim"

When I was in New York last "fall" I met Jim Corbett, who is now busy broadcasting his new rules for the boxing game. A great fellow is this "Gentleman Jim." The Friars Club was holding its annual Frolic, and the first half of the programme consisted of a minstrel show in which Corbett took the part of interlocutor. He made a fine figure sitting in the centre of a semi-circle that had William Collier and Frank Tinney on its outside ends, and these merry fellows subjected the ex-champion to a good deal of gentle leg-pulling concerning his past exploits, successful and otherwise, in the ring.

The Wizard of Whitstable

During the last week-end I found myself in Canterbury of all places. I like Canterbury, even though it *does* go to bed at ten o'clock, leaving you more or less stranded and wondering what to do with your evening. On the following morning, for no reason whatever, we pushed on to Whitstable, and, being in the home of the oyster, we dropped in to see if the Wizard of Whitstable had lost his cunning. The Wizard spends his life opening thousands and thousands of oysters daily, and his manner of doing so is a little more than marvellous.

On Opening Oysters

Have you ever tried to open an oyster? I have! Sometimes I give them red pepper to make them sneeze, but they never do. At other times, I creep

By Victor Hicks

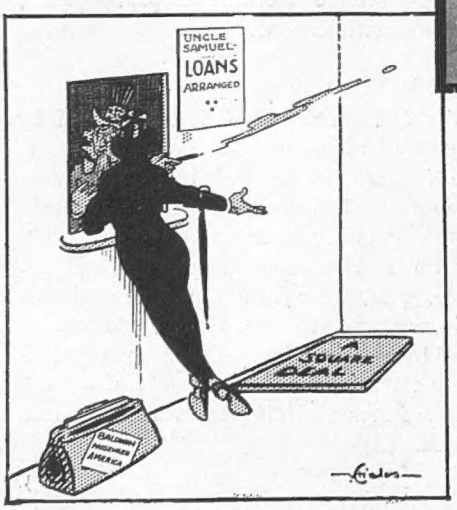
"HANS UP!"

silently behind them, and make a sudden lunge with the knife when I fancy they are not looking, but they always seem to see me coming out of the corners of their eyes. Then they sit back in their shells and defy me to do my worst. But they don't play any such tricks with the Wizard of Whitstable. They seem to realise from the start that they have met their match and almost open of their own accord. I asked him which oysters he, himself, preferred, and he replied that he didn't know. He had only eaten one when he first came to Whitstable, and as he didn't like it, he had never eaten one since.

Harry Peter Preston Pan

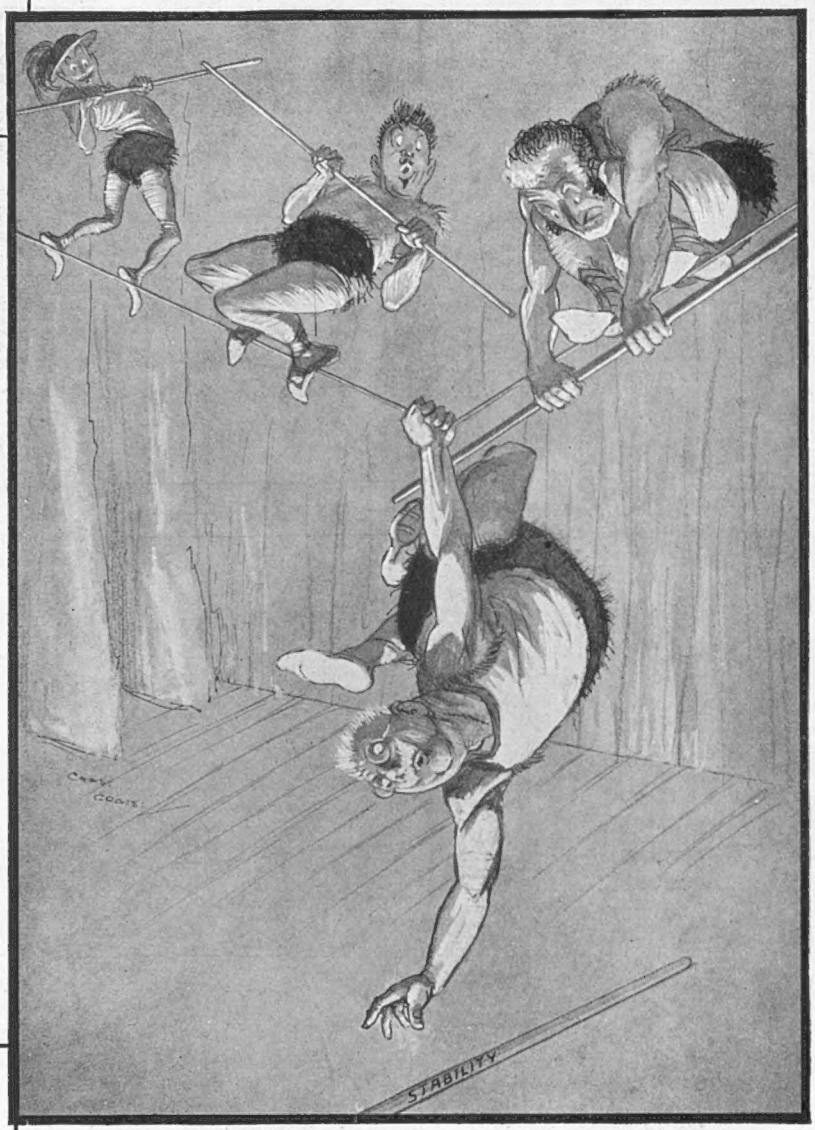
A few weeks ago I suggested that the freedom of Brighton should be placed in a champagne bottle and handed to Harry Preston. The local City fathers failed to take the hint, but Herbert Shaw sends me a charming little poem on the subject from which I quote the middle verse :

And always there's the South road the seasons through for me,
The home road to Brighton, the friendly hills to see ;
The World's Inn warm with welcome where the road from London ends,
And good wine and good laughter with the man with a thousand friends.



By Victor Hicks

TALKING THINGS OVER WITH "UNCLE"



THE BALANCE OF EUROPE By Chas. Grave

Hiding Our Sunlight

England stands badly in need of men with a *flair* for publicity. Every year the moneyed classes flock to the Riviera when they might be in Cornwall, and to Normandy or Brittany when they might be in the Isle of Wight. English people have no idea how soon the Spring places her golden shoe upon the Scillies. Lamorna Cove, Carbis Bay, the Undercliff between Ventnor and Shanklin — truly do we English hide our sunlight under a bushel !

Good Golf Stories

Have you heard any new and amusing Golf Stories lately ? If so, send them along to the Editor. The best effort will be rewarded with a golf club (to be selected by the winner) or alternatively (at the wish of the successful competitor) a dozen first-class Golf Balls. Envelopes must be addressed to the Editor, The Bystander, *Graphic* Buildings, London, E.C.4, and marked "Golf Story Competition" in the top left-hand corner. All entries must reach this office on or before Wednesday, January 24. The Editor's decision will be final, and he reserves the right to publish any anecdote sent in. Half a guinea will be paid for any such story published.

WHO. WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Sing Ho, the Merry Bobsleigh

You remember those truly helpful and sympathetic creatures in the *Arabian Nights* called djinns? They were always

Photograph *Topical*

WITH THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS

Lady Rachel Cavendish, one of the Duke of Devonshire's enthusiastic hunting daughters, at Buxton, where the High Peak Harriers met for the first time in ten years

disclosing hidden treasures to poor but deserving heroes, or providing magic carpets to waft the same deserving people to delectable climates out of reach of their creditors. If one of them settled upon you or your hearthrug out of the January cold and gloom, and gave you one wish — djinns always gave people wishes— what would you say?

Some people I know are quite capable of murmuring in the djinn's ear something about their golf handicap, or even that the entire races of wireworms, slugs and aphis might be swept from the face of gardens next spring, but the really sensible person who knows wherein lies the greatest joy to body and mind would only say one word, "Switzerland." And if the djinn had a benevolent kind of face, he would add, "Snow all the time I am there, no fogs, no thaws, and dancing every night."

There are happy folk in Switzerland and Chamonix now. At the end of December south winds set in bringing rain instead of snow in even the highest winter resorts. It wasn't exactly a sloppy Christmas, but it was a near relation to sloppy, and in some places championship luge and bobsleigh races had to be postponed. But the New Year brought a happy change, and the reports from both the lower and higher altitudes tell of fine weather everywhere and excellent conditions for the winter sports.

There is nothing quite so depressing as the fogs, rain and partial thaw which sometimes descend on the Swiss wintering places. Nobody can do anything, and the day divides itself into grousing, eating and Bridge. Happily, fog and rain make no difference to the jolly hotel dances.

Photograph *Topical*

A HUNT BALL REVIVAL

The Derwent Hunt Ball, the first for 15 years, held at the Grand Hotel, Scarborough at the beginning of the month, was attended by some two hundred guests from the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire. Seated on the bottom stair (left) is Mr. Halliday Huggan, ex-Master of the Staintondale, the ancient Yorkshire Hunt which has had many a hard run over the famous Derwent covers

Photograph *Topical*

THE PYTCHLEY AT ALTHORP PARK

Lady Irene and Lady Alexandra Curzon, two of Lord Curzon's daughters, at Althorp Park, Lord Spencer's seat in Northamptonshire. The wearers of the famous scarlet and white recently held their Hunt Ball at Northampton Town Hall

Photograph *Sport and General*

IN THE WHADDON COUNTRY

Lord Dalmeny and Blanche Countess of St. Germans, at Halton House, Wendover, formerly the residence of Lord Rothschild, where the Whaddon Chase met recently

Photograph *L. N. A.*

ROUGH GOING AT PONTRESINA

Master J. Amery, of the Admiralty (once removed !), Miss Joan Simon, daughter of the famous K.C., and Miss Stopford, taking the hill

Hotels everywhere, I hear, are full. At Château d'Oex people have been turned away; Gstaad is *choc-à-bloc*. Villars, Diablerets, Chempéry, Morgins and Caux all tell the same tale. At Montreux and Territet there is every kind of gaiety combined with skating, lugeing and ski-ing up at Les Avants and Caux. The skating, I hear, at the latter place is exceptionally good this year. The Caux Palace is full—and no wonder. It has one of the best *cuisines* in Switzerland.

St. Moritz seems to have attracted the largest number of "fashionables." The newly married Lord and Lady Plunket are honeymooning there, and Lady Curzon of Kedleston has arrived with her son and daughter, Mr. Hubert and Miss Marcella Duggan, and her step-daughter, Lady Alexandra Curzon.

For the first time since I don't know how many years Lord Curzon's brother, Mr. Francis Curzon, his heir in the Viscounty of Scarsdale, is not at St. Moritz this year. Without exaggeration one can say Mr. Francis Curzon created the winter sports at St. Moritz. His interest goes back twenty-five years at least, and he has always been a pillar to the sports clubs there of every kind.

Pontresina

THIS year Pontresina has become very popular. The youthful Lord Harcourt is chaperoning his two sisters, and two among other visitors are Sir Walter and Lady Susan Townley—the Lady Susan of the much-read *Indiscretions*.

Lady Susan disarms criticism because she is so delightfully indiscreetly indiscreet, but all the same I wish she hadn't gone and peeped at the ex-Kaiser arriving in Holland. I doubt if some of the Dutch folk will ever forget it.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

A PIROUETTING PIERRETTE

Miss A. Hanka, the well-known lady skater, "stunting" at St. Moritz

England Annexes Switzerland

THERE are so many ski-ing championships, so many skating competitions, so many ice hockey matches with prizes, cups and what not all over Switzerland in these days that one is reminded of the months of struggle for the football cups. We have carried our passion for championships and prizes in our native sports into winter sports, and in so doing we seem to have annexed Switzerland. I notice that all the games—ski-ing, skating, ice-hockey and curling are run by Englishmen. And there are exhibition skaters on all the bigger rinks, just as there are exhibition dancers in the London dancing clubs and hotel ball-rooms.

Photograph *Central News*

SIR JOHN SIMON, K.C.

A prominent figure at St. Moritz, and a keen and enthusiastic skater

But what a jolly change it is to get away from the grub and hurry of London, if it is only for a fortnight, into the clean, fresh air, the blue sky and sunshine—where there aren't any fogs—and into the society of all those jolly people. So you know what I would say if an *Arabian Nights* djinn came my way.

If you are thinking of going to Diablerets there is a new arrangement there this year for taking bobsleighs—and their passengers—back to the starting-place by motor. I mention this because I, your faithful servant, have suffered in the arms and back through that long pull-up at Diablerets.

Photograph *Sport and General*

HIGH PEAK HARRIERS' HUNT BALL

A group at the Buxton Hydro Hotel, where some 300 guests assembled last week for the High Peak Hunt Ball. The photograph shows (from left to right) in the front row: Miss Burns-Hartopp, the Hon. Lady Barlow and Miss Betty Barlow; at the back: Mr. D. Siltzer, Miss Gaisford St. Lawrence, Mr. John Barlow and Mr. H. Carver. The Duchess of Devonshire was also present with a party from Chatsworth

Our Frontispiece

MRS. VICTOR MILLER, like all the Lowthers, is very keen on horses and hunting. Her father, the Hon. Lancelot Lowther, is heir-presumptive to his brother, the Earl of Lonsdale, and lives in the very heart of a hunting and training country, Melton Mowbray.

Photograph *Topical*

IN THE MOUNTAINS

Mrs. Simon Brand, Comtesse d'Hautpoul and Baron de Meyer at St. Moritz. Mrs. Brand is the wife of the African millionaire, and mother of a popular and beautiful daughter

More Country Gaieties

THEY were dancing hard again last week in the country, and besides the Shrewsbury Hunt Ball, where the Marquis and Marchioness of Cambridge were present—he is the Hunt Secretary—there were balls at Longleat and Grimsthorpe Castle.

The ball at Longleat was given by Lady Bath for her youngest daughter, Lady Mary Thynne, one of the coming beauties. Everybody for miles round had parties for it, including the Duchess of Somerset at Maiden Bradley and Lady Pembroke at Wilton. All Lincolnshire was at Lady Ancaster's ball at Grimsthorpe.

It is good to record this country gaiety because they suggest a return to the old times when London did not have a monopoly of big balls.

A Strange Malady

A LITTLE company at dinner was discussing snobbishness a few evenings ago. Oddly enough, the subject arose from talk about Lord Carnarvon's discoveries in Egypt.

Photograph *G. P. U.*

WEDDING BELLS AT BATH

A group at the wedding of Mr. Ernest Ivor Phillips and Miss Doris Gwendoline Berry-Jones. It includes the bridesmaids, the Misses Mary Berry, Vera Phillips, Eileen Berry, Lorraine Berry, Dorothy Berry, Patricia Jones and Sybil Berry; Messrs. J. Thomas (the best man), E. Berry-Jones, Tudor Phillips, E. W. Jones and J. W. Nicholls (groomsmen). Little Miss Pamela Berry and Master Oswald Berry made picturesque and charming train bearers

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT SUVRETTA, ST. MORITZ

Sir Victor and Lady Warrender. Sir Victor Warrender, who served in the Grenadier Guards, is the eldest son of the late Admiral Sir George Warrender, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.

Photograph *Central News*

GENERAL CUNLIFFE OWEN

In a curling match at Wengen

"I'm sure if Mr. —— had been a courtier of King Tutankhamen," said a lady, "he would have bribed the writers of the hieroglyphics with untold gold to squeeze his name in somewhere!"

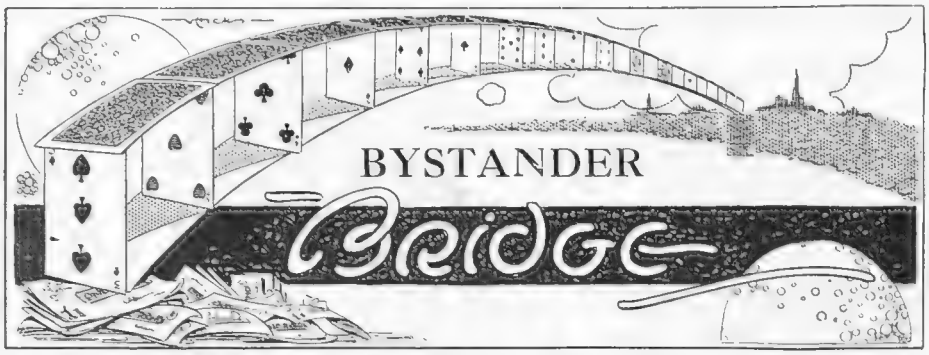
To Our Readers Abroad

THE Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

Photograph *Alfieri*

A FAMOUS CHAMPION

T. Klaverness, at Mürren, winner of the Ski Jump Competition with a jump of 39 metres



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THE saddest Bridge story on record is that of a lady who was so excited at dealing herself thirteen diamonds that she called "no trumps," and the opponents made a grand slam against her.

. . . . . .

He had a very talkative partner. She simply would not stop talking about her domestic affairs to the woman on her left.

At last he butted in.

"Partner," he asked, "how many children have you?"

She gave a hasty glance at her scoring block.

'Eight below and sixteen above," she replied, and resumed her conversation.

. . . . . .

Chatty partners are very jolly when you are not playing serious Bridge. When you are, they are apt to give the show away rather badly. They comment on every trick as it is played, and betray the strength or weakness of their hands.

"What, we have gone four hearts?" (as you put down your dummy's hand). "Well, we shan't get them. We shall be at least two down."

Remarks such as this hearten the enemy.

. . . . . .

There is this advantage about the chatty Bridge-player. If you don't mind or have schooled yourself not to mind, your adversaries probably do. I have seen fine players reduced to the condition of nervous wrecks by a talkative opponent. He simply wore them down. Protests were useless. He won the rubber by sheer loquacity.

Nearly as bad as the talkative player is the facetious one. Humour or caustic wit at the card-table is rare and acceptable. But the man who thinks himself funny and isn't is a sore trial.

The man who calls Diamonds "De Beers" (*loud laughter*), Hearts "tarts," or who bids "two in the Spade *suiting*," ought to have been strangled at birth. Facetiousness is not funny. It is usually offensive and often rude.

. . . . . .

What is correct calling? A great deal of nonsense is talked and written about it. In one sense there is no such thing as a *correct* call. Much depends upon the state of the score, the partner you are playing with, and the character of your opponents. While it is necessary to have some standard for an initial bid, which is the keystone of the game, even that is subject to conditions. It is as bad to pass when you have the "goods" as to overcall when you haven't. The deeds of the "flag-flier" are flagrant. But who properly castigates the undercaller?

. . . . . .

In solving the second of the series of six problems in THE BYSTANDER Competition—several hands on which you are to decide the proper bid—you must leave out the human element. All you are asked to decide is the best call on the cards given. Z is the first declarer, A is the opponent on his left, Y is Z's partner, and B is the partner of A.

. . . . . .

Prizes are offered as follows:—

FIRST PRIZE	..	..	£5
SECOND PRIZE	..	..	£3
THIRD PRIZE	..	..	£1

Solutions, marked "Bridge Competition PROBLEM II," must reach THE BYSTANDER Office on or before January 24.

No correspondence can be entered into over the Competition, and my decision must be regarded as final.

ACTUAL PLAY PROBLEMS. No. II.

Score "Love." Z deals. His hand is:

♠ A.	♡ K, J, 8, 6, 5, 3.
♢ K, 3, 2.	♣ J, 8, 7.

(a) What should Z say?

Score "Game All," A, B, 20. Z deals. His hand is:

♠ A.	♡ J, 3.
♢ 4, 3.	♣ J, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 3, 2.

(b) What should Z say?

Score "Love." Z bids "One no trumps." A "No." Y holds:

♠ Q, J, 9, 5, 3.	♡ J, 10, 2.
♢ K, 5, 4.	♣ A, 2.

(c) What should Y say

Score "Love" all. Z deals and holds:

♠ A, K, 9, 8, 2.	♡ A, 9, 7, 6, 4, 3.
♢ Q, 5.	♣ None.

(d) What should Z say?

The solution of Actual Play Problem No. I will be given next week

Lawn Tennis on the Riviera

INTERESTED SPECTATORS AT THE BEAU SITE TOURNAMENT

Photographs

LORD ROCKSAVAGE

Defeated in the second round of the Men's Singles at Cannes by Mr. J. H. Van Alen

THE HON. F. M. B. FISHER

Beaten by Mr. F. R. Leighton Crawford in the finals for the Monaco Cup at Monte Carlo

Sport & General and Topical

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER

Beaten in the first round of the Men's Doubles at Cannes

Lawn tennis tournaments are very much of the moment on the Côte d'Azur, and a great attraction to visitors and players alike. At the Beau Site Tournament, F. R. Leighton Crawford "walked over" R. D. Watson in the Men's Singles without losing a game, giving him his second consecutive win. Mademoiselle Lenglen won the Ladies' Singles in somewhat listless fashion, Mrs. Satterthwaite being runner-up. With the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, the lady champion also scored an easy victory in the Mixed Doubles, while R. D. Watson and D. L. Morgan defeated Leighton Crawford and the veteran A. Wallis Myers in the Men's Doubles. The second tournament at Cannes, under the auspices of the Calton L.T.C., has just been played off

The Riviera Week by Week

Photograph *E. Navello*

WATCHING THE TOURNAMENT

Sir Henry and Lady Ledgard at Cannes. Sir Henry, who is an authority on India, has held office on several commissions and councils of Eastern affairs

WE have lost a Royal lover of the Riviera in Admiral Sir Adolphus FitzGeorge, who was born in 1846—the son of the late Duke of Cambridge. His younger brother, Sir Augustus FitzGeorge, is fond of the golf course here, and despite his seventy-six years still plays his two rounds like a youngster. He has just accepted the Vice-Presidency of the New Riviera Club at Menton. Lady Cowley has arrived at her Villa Baird at Beaulieu, and her daughter, Lady Eva Wemyss, has arrived by motor at her Villa Maryland with her uncle, Colonel Wellesley, and Miss Sanford. Mr. Anthony Drexel is at his Villa Melina, Sir Henry and Lady Samuelson are back at the Villa La Montagne, Mrs. Spreckles has been entertaining recently at her Villa Baratier. Among others: H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the Duc and Duchesse de la Rochfoucauld, the Duchesse de Leuchtenberg-Beauharnais, Prince Engalicheff and Mrs. Barton French.

RECENTLY in the weekly Bogey Handicap at Monte Carlo, Major St. John Pigott (2) played very fine golf, beating Colonel Bogey by two holes and holing out in 73 strokes, which is now the Bogey for the course. The record for amateurs is held by Mr. Peter Gannon with 72 in a competition last season. All sorts of interesting people are lunching at the Golf just now: Duke of Leeds, Marquis of Carmarthen, Sir William and Lady Pulteney, Colonel Dennistoun, Lord Sandwich, Mr. Henry Leach, Sir Henry Colefax, Lord Forres and the Hon. G. Williamson, Admiral the Hon. Victor Stanley and Miss Stanley, Marquis Sommi Picenardi, Sir George Younger, Mr. S. H. Day, Mr. Wightman, Mr. Stratford, Colonel the Hon. Arthur Murray, Contessa Brunetta d'Usseaux, Mme. Cohen d'Anvers, Prince of Montenegro, Lord and Lady Armaghdale, Sir Charles Barry, General Sir John and Lady du Cane, Sir James Craig of Ulster and his family, Mr. George Jay Gould and party, and Hon. Esmond Harmsworth.

PRINCE LOUIS of Monaco and his family are in residence now, and Monaco is *en fête*. The illuminations of the harbour and ancient stronghold of Monaco recall an Arabian night's entertainment, so romantic is the setting and so natural the "abandon" of the Monegasques, who often share the blood of the Arabian knights who raided these shores not so long ago.

Photograph *E. Navello*

ON THE BEAU SITE COURTS

Miss Worthington Evans, daughter of Sir Laming Worthington Evans, and Madame Floresco. The latter took part in the recent tournament

THE Baroness Orczy and her husband—Mr. Montague Barstow, a charming pastel artist—are indefatigable hosts at their Villa Bijou. Recently they assembled about a hundred friends in the afternoon, and provided a real musical treat. M. Henri Wagemans—the famous first violin here—and M. Lauweryns, the great Belgian conductor of the "Concerts Moderns" at Monte Carlo, discoursed music by Baron Bodog Orczy, Handel, Sir Edward Elgar, Chopin, Sarasate, Dvorak, and Kreisler. Mr. Harrison Bennett (accompanied by Mrs. Chadwick), whose rendering of Wagner's music is famous, sang songs by Brahms, Strauss, Schumann, Van Eyken and Hermann. The rooms are charming—full of interesting souvenirs, and of Mr. Barstow's works. Among the happy guests were the Bishop of

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY MAUREEN STANLEY AT CANNES

Daughter of Lord Londonderry and wife of the Hon. Oliver Stanley, Lord Derby's second son

Photograph *E. Navello*

THE SECOND ROUND

Miss Howett and Mademoiselle Lenglen, after their match in the Beau Site Tournament, which the lady champion won by 6—1, 6—0

Photograph *E. Navello*

AT MONTE CARLO

Muratore and Lina Cavalieri, the famous prima donna, who have arrived from America

Gibraltar and Mrs. Greig, Major and Mrs. Pollitt, Comte and Comtesse de Pourtales, Lady de Bathe, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Cooper Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Crawford, the Earl and Countess of Mar, Admiral Sir John and Lady Parry, Admiral the Hon. Victor Stanley and Mrs. Stanley, Lord and Lady Armaghdale, Lady Tenterden, and Major and Mrs. Chapman.

THE Hotel Mirabeau at Monte Carlo is very popular this year, and many entertainments are organised there. At the marriage-reception of Mrs. Lenox-Simpson's daughter—Comtesse Savelli—the other day to Signor Almagia of Rome, as much interest was taken in the bride's sister—Mrs. Grey—and her friend, Miss Stuart of Vancouver, as in the married pair. They had been forced to fly back from a visit to Corsica right through a very bad storm which prevented the steamer starting.

MR. WALTER RUMMEL spent a few days with the Marquise de Maleissye at her fine Château de L'Ermitage. He played at the last Classical Concert music from Beethoven and Chopin, and he delighted Mr. O'Hagan's friends at his Sunday reception at the Casa del Mare.

THE Imperial Hotel at Menton also gets a large share of entertaining in this old English colony. It has never been so full so early in the season; among the guests being Lady Northcliffe, Sir James Craig and family, Sir Frederick and Lady Treves, Lady Delmé Radcliffe, Marquis Sommi Picenardi, Comtesse H. V. Frys, Comte and Comtesse Wendel, Commander P. de Crespigny, Mme. Alexandre Dumas, Sir Robert Hudson, Princess Clara Hatzfeldt, Colonel MacEwen and Sir Thomas Elliot.

NEARLY every night at Cannes one sees the Duke of Westminster, Sir Mortimer Davis, and Mr. Winston Churchill at the top-figure table, banco-ing and being banco-ed. Recently the Duke has not been having the best of chance's favours. Winston, with courage reminiscent of certain political and military adventures, fights and accepts occasional reverse with unmoved equanimity. Mrs. Winston Churchill has been playing in both the Beau Site and Carlton tournaments, but her husband, still under doctor's orders, has to refrain from all vigorous sport.

HYÈRES is all golf at the moment, with just an American lawn tennis tournament introduced now and then that the "plus fours" may not have it all their own way. Major Cavendish Clarke and Miss E. Keily won the last, despite a heavy handicap and some strong opponents. The Hyères Golf Club Challenge Cup was won, after many close-fought games, by Mr. Percy Rose, who beat Dr. A. L. Jackson by 3 and 2. Besides sport, Hyères has been also proportionately gay, mainly due to the initiative of Mme. Peyron and her husband, with many dances and fancy dress dances and amateur theatricals. Last Wednesday (10th) Mrs. Jarley's wax-works did much to swell the coffers of the Church.

Golf at Mont Agel

HAIG AND HAIG

Lord Haig's nephew and Colonel Haig at the first tee

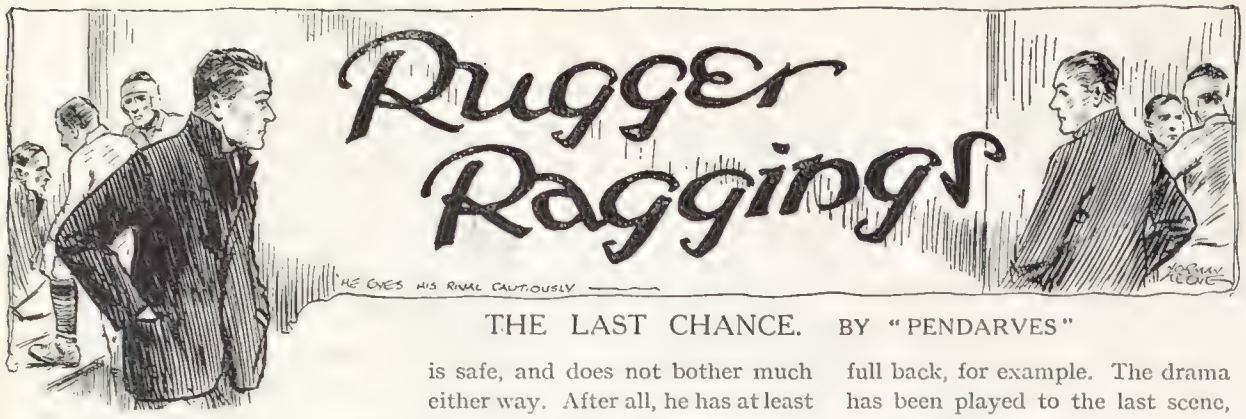
IN THE ROUGH

Lord Forres and Colonel the Hon. Arthur Murray on their way to the eighth tee

Photographs *Sport and General*

ANOTHER CONFERENCE!

Sir George Younger, M.P., and Sir Charles Barrie, M.P., in a non-political contest



THE LAST CHANCE. BY "PENDARVES"

THERE can be no more anxious afternoon for the aspirant to the highest of all honours in the game than the final trial match at Twickenham, a fortnight before the Day, when a team known as "England" plays another, somewhat contemptuously described as "The Rest." There is nothing derogative intended in styling the opposing side thus, but it always seems to imply the Not-Very-Likelys. The contrary is the case, of course. Some people would say, I suppose, that this is the last chance the Selection Committee has to make up a vacillating mind. But in actual practice, I believe, these despotic and elusive gentlemen have in nearly all cases already decided on the team, and merely wish to give them a game together before the supreme test arrives. Be that as it may, tragedies occur as often as not, and hopes which appear almost certainties are dispelled. A player has an unaccustomed off day, plays indifferently, knows it, and proceeds to play worse, and out he goes, although a week or so before he seemed a very first string.

It is the combination of these chances, of the fact that the whole of the Selection Committee are gathered together, with inscrutable faces, in the West Stand deciding fates, and of the still more ominous fact that it is now or never for everybody concerned, because the sands of time are running rapidly out, that imparts something of a real International thrill about this trial game.

And it is interesting how differently the chosen thirty are affected by it, and why. You have your Old Hand first of all. A man who has worn the red rose in all four matches last season, for example, and who has been playing brilliantly all this. He knows he is safe, and does not bother much either way. After all, he has at least attained the Rugger man's ideal, and has little to lose. I imagine that a pair of halves like Kershaw and Davies look upon a final trial much in the same way as an experienced actor, who is word perfect, does of a dress rehearsal.

Then you have the Dour Forward who has never been known to get rattled about anything, except the loss of a collar-stud in the dressing-room when he has a train to catch, and cannot be induced to feel nervous of his place because the quality of his pace and weight never varies. His girth makes him phlegmatic about love and life and death, and trial matches. He has, perhaps, forgotten to pack a scrum cap, and curses mildly in an undertone because there is none other to be found that will fit him—but beyond that little human trial his serenity is supreme.

You have also a queer customer, whom I have often met, who can never realise the excellence of his own standard of play and considers himself deuced lucky to have got as far as inclusion in a Trial at all. He is content, if un-capped, ever afterwards to reflect that he "played for the Rest in 1923, but, of course, they were very hot in threes that year, and I never stood an earthly." His, if he only knew it, is the attitude of mind most conducive to selection, for he goes on to the field devoid of nerves and expectations, and possibly plays the game of his life. He is particularly to be envied as he is one of the few players present who really enjoys himself. For the majority it is a sickening, nerve-racking Saturday.

Lastly, there is the wretched individual who realises to the bitter full what the expression, "survival of the fittest," can mean for him. The prospective full back, for example. The drama has been played to the last scene, between himself and one other. He eyes his rival cautiously in the dressing-room while they change. It is one or the other. The biblical quotation chants a continual dirge in his mind, "the one shall be taken and the other left." Besides, the other fellow's touch-finding is far lengthier than *his* ever was, his hands safer, his tackling surer. He does not have off days (they say), like I do, damitall! Possibly, in the summer time, they are close friends. But to-day I don't see how they can be more than game sportsmen, with a slightly frigid feeling beneath. There are limits to human benevolence, surely?

One thing is certain, platitudinous as it may sound. And that is that the player who doesn't forget the tension of the occasion, and himself, and think only of the game *as such*, stands a poor chance against his opposite number, who becomes as nearly oblivious as possible to all self, on the whistle, and goes "all out," as at a final House Match at school.

It is of the latter stuff that Caps are made.

Echoes of a Memorable Tour

In his account of a 33,000-mile trip, *With the 15th Australian XI* (obtainable through Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son), Mr. Sydney Smith, jun., the manager of the team, gives a complete statistical record of all matches played. In addition, much useful information will be found by the cricket enthusiasts in such interesting little "tit-bits" as the time taken by the various batsmen to make their runs and the gate-receipts of every match played.

An Alpine Vade Mecum

An invaluable guide and friend for both tyro and veteran at winter sports is the "Swiss Travel Almanac" for the winter season 1922-23, which is issued by the Swiss Tourist Information Office, Zurich. No matter to what place you go, you will find in this little book a full programme of events and arrangements, as well as a complete list of the principal rinks, runs, sport facilities, and hotels.

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

TWO UP AT THE TURN

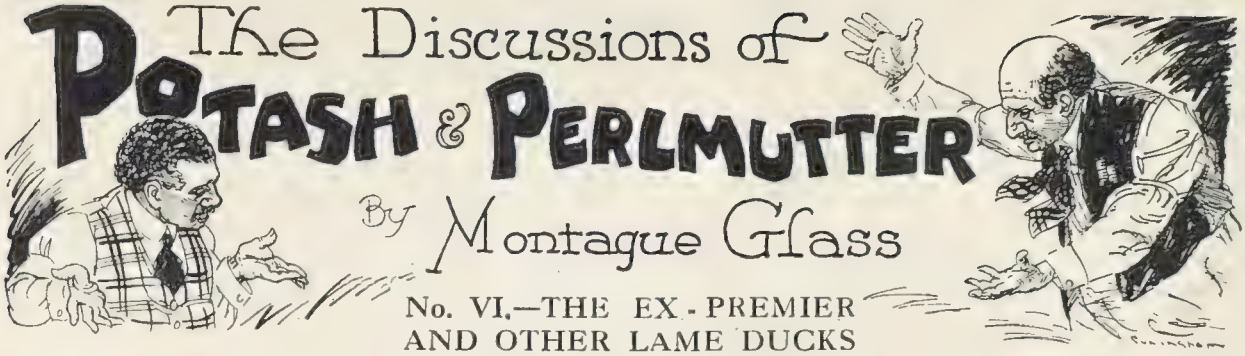
Wild and Woolly

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A FEW TROT-SKIS IN SWITZERLAND

The Discussions of Potash & Perlmutter

By Montague Glass



No. VI.—THE EX-PREMIER AND OTHER LAME DUCKS

"Well, Mawruss, I see where Mr. Paderewsky has gone back to piano playing for a living," Abe Potash remarked to his partner Morris Perlmutter. "He gave a concert last week in New York, and when he came out on the stage the audience all stood up out of respect before he began to play."

"And what did they do afterwards?" Morris inquired.

"Eighty per cent. of them was still respectful on account of the fact that unless the operator's feet are in plain view of the audience, only 20 per cent. of those present at a classical concert could tell human piano playing from paper roll piano playing," Abe said, "but the musical crickets said in the papers the next morning that considering all Mr. Paderewsky had went through as Premier of Poland, they had heard worse playing from concert pianists which as far as public office was concerned, had never even held a commission as notary public."

"It's a good thing that Mr. Paderewsky had piano playing to fall back on after he lost his job over there in Poland," Morris remarked. "Take this here Lord George who just got through as Premier of England, and I understand that he used to write Welsh poetry on the side, Abe, which I admit I don't know what the wage scale is for Welsh poets, Abe, but even if they got pretty good money, piece work—say one dollar per word like Rudyard Kipling—when you consider how a Welsh poet could kill time looking up rhymes for such words as Aberytswith and Llandudno, Abe, Lord George would be a whole lot better off if he got paid by the hour."

"Maybe he could help out his income by giving public readings, Mawruss," Abe suggested.

"But outside of Wales itself, Abe, anyone delivering a lecture in the Welsh language is liable to have the curtain rung down on him right at the start on account of giving the impression by speaking one or two words of Welsh that he has just swallowed his false teeth or something," Morris said.

"One dollar per word"

The Sultan's Problem is Different

"However, Mawruss, he's anyhow better off than the Sultan of Turkey and the King of Greece, Mawruss," Abe said, "Them two fellers has got nothing left to fall back on but sponging on wife's relations."

"Well, in the case of the Sultan of Turkey, he could be quite a long time wearing out his welcome, Abe," Morris observed. "I understand that when he left Constantinople on an English warship, the captain got writer's cramp holding down the whistle cord for two days signalling *all aboard*, on account it took the Sultan that length of time to kiss his wives good-bye, y'understand, and at that, Abe, fifty-five wives had to be contented with going down to the wharf and shake a day-day as the ship pulled out."

"Sure I know," Abe said, "but I understand that he took on board with him a half a million Turkish pounds, and the Turkish crown jewels, including the famous 235 carat diamond, formerly worn by every Grand and Past Grand Vizier, bought by the Turkish Government from the Head Bartender of the United States Hotel, Saratoga, some time before the Volstead Act went into effect."

'But you've got to remember that he also took on board with him ten favourite wives, six Class A wives, and a couple of dozen medium grade wives, and you mark my words, Abe, that feller will yet be obliged to give lessons in Turkish for a living, because as soon as them ladies has been outside of Turkey long enough to get wise to such Western ideas as alimony, counsel fee, and orders for the support of minor children, y'understand, them Turkish pounds would be reduced sixteen ounces each, and if he would have one Shriner's emblem left of all the Turkish crown jewels, that would be big already."

"Lord" George's Typewriter Works Overtime

"Well, that's the way it goes, Mawruss," Abe said. "I'll bet that when Paderewsky was Premier of Poland, y'understand, he had many a good laugh with the members of his cabinet talking over old

times when he used to play piano for a living, and the hardships he used to put up with staying at two hundred dollar a day American plan hotels, and not having no more than a suite of two parlours, three bedrooms, and three connecting baths, y'understand. And here he is at his time of life, practically beginning again at the foot of the ladder and roughing it at the Ritz just like he used to do way back in 1913."

"We should have such a come-down, and make out of twenty orders what Mr. Paderewsky earns net by one concert alone!" Morris exclaimed.

"Still, Mawruss, back in 1919 when practically anybody over in Europe who had a little spare time was liable to be asked to be premier of Poland, or anyhow Czecho-Slovakia, if somebody would come to me and make me a proposition that I should become a Premier, y'understand, I would have insisted on at least a five years' contract," Abe observed. "It's already two years since Paderewsky had the Premiership of Poland blow up on him, and not until last week did he give his first concert.

"Clemenceau was for years Premier of France and after losing the job three years ago, he now goes on the lecture platform at eighty-odd years of age, and makes such big railroad jumps as Chicago one day and Saint Louis the next."

"Lord George has probably got a small flat somewheres round 184th Street and Railroad Avenue, London, N.E. 1, where till all hours of the night, you could hear a typewriter going, and that's the way it is with practically all them old time Premiers."

Where They Have Open Season for Premiers

"Well, an ex-Premier could consider himself playing in luck if his Government leaves him to earn a living the best way he can, and lets it go at that," Morris commented. "In countries like Greece, Hungary and Ireland, they have an open season for ex-Premiers lasting from January 1 to December 31. People in them countries hire guides to lead them to a likely spot for ex-prime ministers, and then when the guide is sneaking through the underbrush trying to flush a covey of ex-prime ministers, them prime-minister-hunters mistake him for an ex-prime minister and shoot at him. In fact, the only safe thing to do when a man is spending a few days in the country in Greece or Hungary is to look like a rabbit, and make a noise like a deer, because hunters in Greece and Hungary couldn't hit a rabbit or a deer if their lives depended on it, but them Greeks and Hungarians never fail to kill an ex-prime minister, such sportsmen they are."

"Well, the chief trouble with them Greeks and Hungarians is that they got a different way of looking at editorials in newspapers than we have, Mawruss," Abe said. "When they read in the *Athens Morning Post* that Lordgeorge-opolis has brought the country to the brink of ruin, and given it a slight push, y'understand, or if the Buda-Pesth *Times-Star-News* says that Wilsonescu has got the country into such tangling alliances that even a Houdini would be twisted, understand me, they don't figure that these insults are just talking points in a campaign to sell to the public the political party which is out of office, y'understand."

"Instead they go round to the nearest sporting goods store and ask the clerk to show them the latest thing in shot-guns suitable for elephants, lions, prime ministers, and big game like that."

Maybe They Want to Stop the Memories

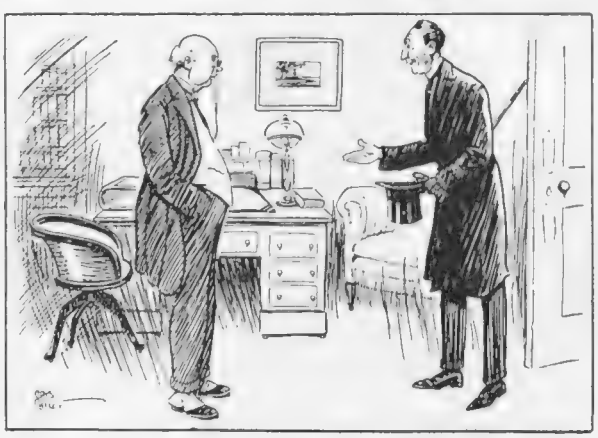
"But don't you think, Abe, that it's just possible them Greeks got rid of their ex-Premier to head off his writing a couple of books of *Memories* like some ex-Premiers is doing?" Morris asked. "Because I have read a few books of Memories by some of our Ambassadors and Secretaries of State in the past few years, Abe, which, while I don't say the feller that wrote them should ought to be shot exactly, still, at the same time, why should the Greeks show any mercy to an ex-Premier who is laying pipes to take advantage of his position as an ex-Premier by asphysiating all the newspaper readers of the country with a couple of million words of his recollections."

"When it comes to a choice between reading an ex-Premier's life in two volumes or his death in two paragraphs, Abe, you don't have to be a Greek exactly to appreciate what the position of the Greek Government ought to be in a case like that."

"Still, Mawruss, ex-Premiers has got to live the same like anybody else," Abe said. "And very few of them while they are still Premiers have got the time to practise scales and exercises enough to take up piano-playing as a means of livelihood. Because, Mawruss, this here Paderewsky was a first-class, crackerjack, Number one piano-player long before he ever dreamt of being a Premier of Poland, which, I bet yer, that this here Bonar Law, who is the new Premier of England, could work away at the piano, morning, noon and night right up to the time of the next General Election in England, and if his party should fail to get re-elected, it would be a miracle if he could land a job in a cabaret orchestra even."

"Then what would you recommend that Prime Ministers should ought to do to provide against the rainy day when they become ex?" Morris inquired.

"Why, my idea is that while they are still in office, Mawruss," Abe concluded, "they should take up something easy like the cornet."



By Chas. Chilcot

PRESUMPTIVE AND APPARENT

Visitor: "How do, doctor! I've just dropped in to tell you how greatly I've benefited by your treatment"
Doctor: "But—er I don't remember you as a patient of mine"
Visitor: "I'm not, but my uncle *was*—and I'm his heir"

Protean !

BY RENÉ BULL

". . . and doth suffer a free change
Into something rich and strange"

(With the usual apologies)

AND WHAT THEN?

A NEW SERIES OF SHORT STORY COMPETITIONS

No. III.

A NIGHT IN JUNE

BY
E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

"You should never have hitched yourself to a woman of character"

THINGS had always happened most poignantly and aggressively with him in June. Funny. He supposed his horoscope, or whatever those high-browed intellectuals called it, had something to do with it. It had been for that night raid in June, '16, through their wire (hellish wire, too, with our cutters no more good than a sick headache) that they had given him a D.S.O. It had been at the zero hour on a June dawn in '17 when a shell splinter had knocked half his shoulder off, and he was no more seen in France.

And in June, '18, when he had met Syl. Seen her standing in the bunker at Hunstanton, swearing horribly, he had told her. Lady Sylvia Seton "without a bob to keep it going," as she had laughingly explained. And in September he had married her. True, the spell was broken that time. Because September was a pointless sort of month with him.

It had been a pointless marriage. Had it? Oh, yes, A mistake. They had both admitted it, frigidly, in the clean morning sunlight, following the most gigantic of all their rows the night before. He had forgotten what that particular row was about. Only one of a monotonous many.

"You should never have hitched yourself to a woman of character, Fred," she had said (pretty little conceit of herself she always had, too!), "a doll is what you want; something plastic, to bend about, this way and that—a nonentity in other words. I'm not that, you know. No thanks! We'd better chuck it, like sensible modern people. It can easily be arranged. Come now."

And they had.

Desertion and cruelty. The flint-faced lawyers in Bedford Row had suggested all the appropriate words—and deeds. They seemed to know the dreadful game backwards, and played it for a fat fee.

And Syl had gone abroad. To her brother in Buenos Aires, without a qualm, seemingly. Amazing what women will do!

And in the fullness of legal time he had found his doll. Estelle. Found her, looking pathetically tragic, in her dressing-room. On the night when the "notices" had been posted up at the Principality Theatre after a profitless three weeks run of *Writing It Off*.

"What? Oh, drift into something else, equally dud, I suppose, Freddie. I'm sure I don't know—or care. Life's a gamble, isn't it? With the dice loaded against the women."

And as she had turned with a quivering mouth away from him, he had caught her in his arms. Something had twanged inside him, some chord, dully, like a bridgeless banjo string. He didn't know what it was then. Sympathy? Desire? Tenderness? He didn't know now. And that was more than a year ago.

He felt fumblingly, absently, along the mantelpiece for his favourite pipe. By the way, Syl had given it him. H'm, that's curious, too. He still loved its battered old bowl, somehow.

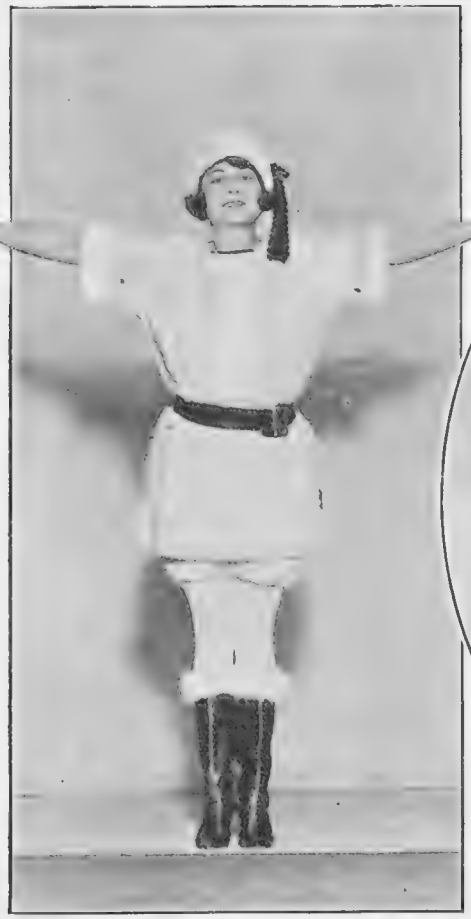
Estelle had insisted upon marriage. Quite right. She had been decently brought up. He could not imagine her father (*de mortuis*), the cabinet-maker in Hackney, allowing any of his three daughters ("the Three Graces an' *that*'s a fac'," he would point out to you) to live otherwise than strictly in accordance with the tradition and precedent—of Hackney.

He hadn't actually *suggested* matrimony. He was jibbing a bit at that, the second time. But to live alone was, to him, impossible. But since Estelle had insisted. . . .

(*Continued on page 144*)

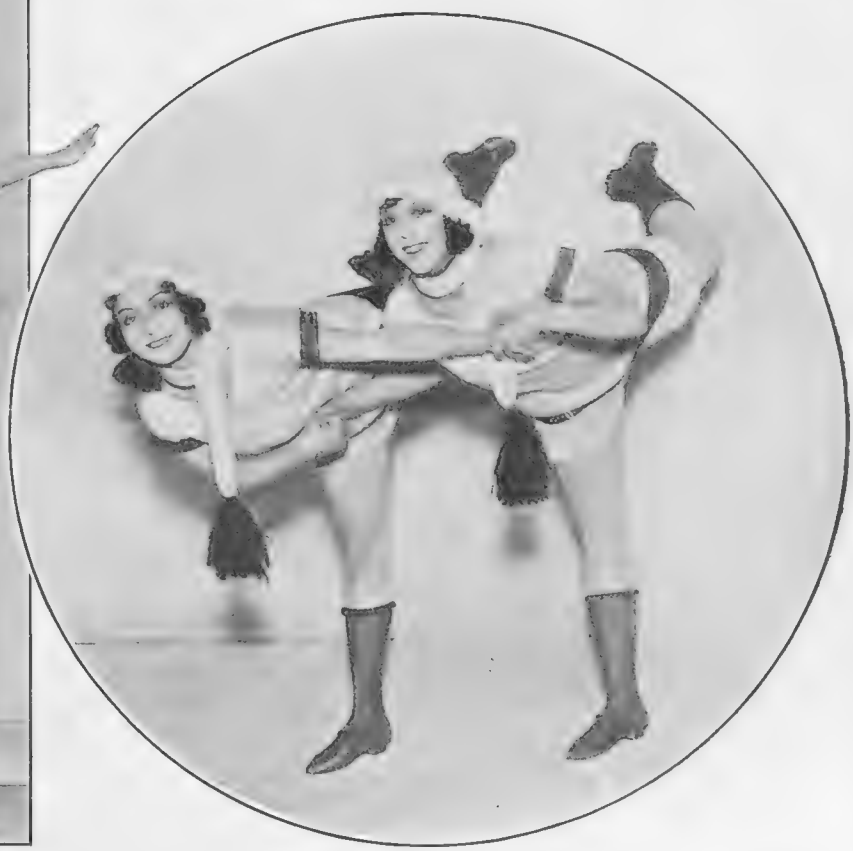
Winter Sports—in the Strand

THE BOB-SLEIGH THAT DIDN'T



Photographs

HELEN BELTRAMO IN A SNOW SCENE



G. P. U.

A FANCY FOR FANCY SKATING

MULTUM IN PARVO AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

For those of us who *can't* get away to Switzerland, the management of the Little Theatre has considerately stranded the Alps—or a bit of them—in the Strand. So that bright little show, "The Nine o'Clock Revue," is the brighter in consequence—and very much "of the moment"

"AND WHAT THEN?" (continued)

"Quietly, in a Registry office, Fred, nobody need know; but let's be square, old thing."

Why not? There was the snug house and gorgeous garden, backing on to the Quarry Woods at Cookham. His own freehold. And the furniture insured for five thousand. She would fill it for him again with her boyish laughter.

But she hadn't.

For a month or two. Possibly for three. He couldn't remember; life had become a blur of boredom and depression latterly. Nothing was coherent, concrete—except her sarcasm. There was heaps of that.

"Oh you're so *mouldy*, you are. I'm fed up with you."

She couldn't fill his house with her personality. She hadn't any.

The house was empty. It was always empty. A desert of tinned food and bottles of flat stout. "No shops nearer than Maidenhead, and you don't suppose *I*—etc." Sloppy maids who said "what 'say?" never "sir," and appeared, banging mats, in curl papers at 11. It was empty even when she filled it on Sundays, with her "pals." Pals who called him "dear" when introduced, and rushed for the gramophone at noon, which blared and whirred until the small hours of Monday.

He supposed they were all right. They *were* all right. Estelle had said so, often enough, with emphasis and adjective. But if only they would not *all* wear those dreadful shoes with the shining straps and coloured heels; and augment the ripeness of their lips, in public, with little silver sticks!

He clung more and more to the peace of the garden, in the hammock, behind the big acacia tree on the orchard edge. It was quiet—there. He strolled out through the open windows now towards it. Estelle was at a party at Maidenhead, and "might or might not be back, one never knows, does one, dearie? Toodle-oo."

A moon hung cynically, watchfully, without illusions, from an oyster-grey, passionless sky. The ghost of a breeze kissed the eyelids of the rushes tenderly, insistently. The white post of the pergola across the lawn stood out sharply, like a finger, pointing to the restless stars—the post which Syl had painted herself. He could see her doing it now, on a scorching morning, humming a Massinet opera, mouth set, concentrated on her task, spurning his offer of help with a chaffing:

"Get out, Fred; this is a man's job."

Feet crunched the gravel up by the house, and a shrill voice called to another of her kind:

"Where is 'e, then? Blowed if I know. Down the garding? Strewth, and them frogs!"

The feet approached him, warily. He could feel instinctively the frog-fright in the jerky steps.

"A telegram. Boy's just biked up with it." And she fled back to safety.

He took it up to the lighted windows.

It had been forwarded on from his club. Had been handed in at Paris that morning. It read:

I have been crazy, beloved one. I'm coming back to you. Where are you? Come to me if you want me. Hotel Meurice, Paris.—SYL.

He felt the thin paper nervously, testing its reality. He felt the brick side of the house for proof of substantiality, soberness, sanity.

He glanced up at the moon, blinking, dumb.

The world had stopped.

But the moon rode there, cynically, watchfully, without illusions, in the cold truth of the June night.

QUERY:—

What does Fred do?
How does the story end?

A cheque for ***Five Guineas*** *will be sent to the reader who, in the estimation of the judges, sends in the best solution of extricating Fred from the difficult position. Solutions, which should be as brief as possible, must be received not later than first post on Wednesday, Feb. 14th. Envelopes should be addressed to The Editor and marked "And What Then?" Competition.*

Photograph *L. N. A.*

CURVES—ON THE STRAIGHT

Mademoiselle Tera Guinot, the beautiful Roumanian dancer, who is appearing in some remarkable new dances of cubist design and pose at the Apollo Theatre in Paris

A Beautiful Savoyard

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS HELEN GILLILAND

Whose singing and acting was such a charming feature of the last Gilbert and Sullivan season She is to make a welcome reappearance in London shortly in "The Cousin from Nowhere," the new musical comedy which Mr. Edward Laurillard is producing after a successful trial run at Birmingham

A Playland Paradise—

Photographs G. P. U.

—Where nobody cries even if he *does* fall down in the lovely shimmery snow! So everyone is happy in a laughing world where all eyes are dry. And if little noses—but what does that matter when sleeves and tiny gloves are soft and warm and woolly?

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF WINTER SPORTS

BY DR. CHARLES URECH. *Sketches by FLEMING WILLIAMS*

As in the case of many outdoor games, the highly developed winter sports of the present day have had their modest antecedents in the remote past. Skates were used on the Dutch canals hundreds of years ago as a means of fast travel, just as skis were used by Scandinavians when the fjords they wished to cross were covered with snow. Primitive sledges have always been in use in northern countries. Yet the development of all these into high-class sport began in comparatively recent times.

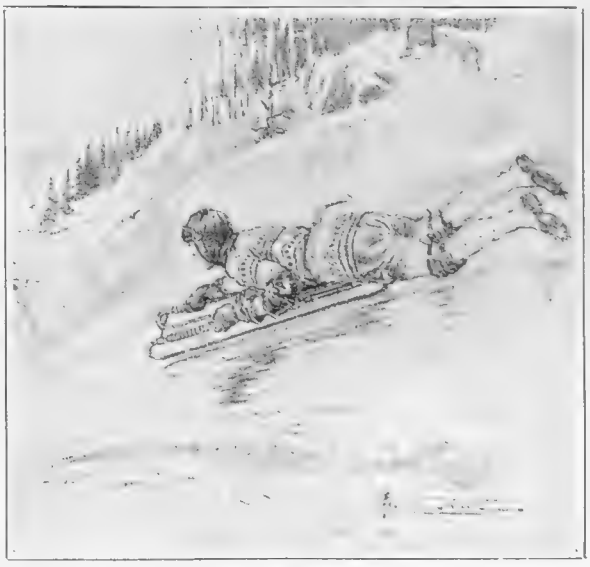
THIS evolution took place in the Swiss Alps, and two different causes gave the impetus. The first was the practice of Alpine-climbing, which led enthusiasts to discover the extraordinary beauty of the Alpine winter. The clearness of the air is unsurpassed, and the absence of fogs, as well as the intensity of sunshine by day and of moonlight at night, came as a surprise even to the Swiss, who finally discovered the beneficial effects of the Alpine winter climate upon the respiratory organs of the human body. Davos and other mountain resorts then became the winter abode of those suffering from bronchial and lung troubles.

THIS points to the second cause for the development of winter sports in the Alps. These health-seekers began to partake in the primitive tobogganing and skating of the natives, whereupon their medical advisers recognised the benefit drawn from such outdoor exercise. At the beginning of the 'eighties Davos first held international toboggan races on the Klosters road. Soon afterwards a party of English enthusiasts at St. Moritz determined to build a run on which Davos and St. Moritz sportsmen might compete. The Cresta Run, built in 1884, under the direction of Major Bulpett, was the result. It is on this course that the Grand National —the annual struggle for supremacy—is run.

SPECIAL types of toboggans were now created at Davos, and at Grindelwald. On the Cresta Run the toboggan was gradually superseded by a new and faster coaster, developed from a Canadian rival—the "skeleton," made entirely of iron and weighing about 30 kilos (66 lbs.) The rider lies on the skeleton with his head in front, facing downwards. The iron ribs of the skeleton carry a cushion board, which in the Mathis type is fixed, while the board of the Cresta model is so constructed as to slide backwards and forwards. The question as to which is preferable is still undecided. The speed attained by a good skeleton rider is quite sixty miles an hour.

OTHER Swiss inventors then constructed a larger sledge, made up of two skeletons, connected by a long board seating from three to five persons, provided with a steering arrangement in front and brakes at the back. This was the bobsleigh, so called on account of the regular forward and backward movements (bobbing) of its occupants. The best of the various types of bobsleigh, which has beaten all the others and has become universal, is that of Bachmann Frères, Travers (Neuchâtel), for the Cresta model, and the three rope-steering types of Martignoni, Ettinger, and Hartkopf have virtually disappeared. This sport is one of the most adventurous and risky. Great importance is given to the choice of the leader and the back, who acts as brake, as well as to observance of strict discipline. For the leader iron nerves, presence of mind, coolness and

(*Continued on page 150*)



"Down the Cresta Run"

Everybody's Doing It—

Photograph *Rutz*

SNOW SMILES

Lady Beresford Whyte, the wife of Paymaster Rear-Admiral Sir William Beresford Whyte, K.C.B., C.M.G., lugeing at St. Moritz. With her are her little daughter Sonia and Mrs. George Edmundson

Photograph *Topical*

AMERICAN VISITORS AT ST. MORITZ

Miss Frances Nollin, of Philadelphia, and Miss Katherine Drake, of Baltimore—two ardent skaters

Photograph *L. N. A.*

TOILETTE À LA TELEMARK

Miss Annette Mills, the exhibition dancer, finds a little powder a useful *aide* at St. Moritz

Photograph *G. P. U.*

"FOLLOW MY LEADER"

A merry skating party on the Carlton Rink, St. Moritz. The International Ice Hockey Tournament, starting on Saturday, is arousing much interest among visitors to the Upper Engadine

Of all the Swiss Winter resorts, St. Moritz—that lovely jewel in its Engadine setting—best supplies the needs of Wi
Kurverein Rinks), not to mention the host of unpretentious ice sheets, any one of which, if su

In Switzerland—Now

Photograph *Central News*

A SKATING LESSON

Miss Marcella Duggan, Lady Curzon's daughter, learning to skate at St. Moritz

Photograph] AT DAVOS *[Central News*

Lord Lathom's party at Davos, including Miss Gladys Cooper, who is enjoying a well-earned rest, Miss Maxine Elliott and Captain Molyneux, the well-known dress-designer

Photograph *G. P. U.*

CAN YOU DO IT?

Professor Witte and Miss Whitaker (the well-known American trick skater) on the Grand Hotel Rink

Photograph *L. N. A*

SYMMETRY IN SNOW

Miss Annette Mills and Mr. Robert Sielle rehearsing some exhibition dance poses in a lovely snow setting

inter-Sporters. In skating rinks alone there are no fewer than nineteen large ones (including the famous Bandy and suddenly transported to the Round Pond, would draw all London to Kensington Gardens

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF WINTER SPORTS (*concluded*)

quick decision are indispensable. The speed attained is seen from the fact that the eight-kilometre road, Schönried-Saanen, with its hairpin curve, has been run in 6 min. 5 sec., equalling almost eighty kilometres an hour, while carefully prepared ice runs are raced over with still greater speed. Some of the best known of these artificial ice runs have cost more than 200,000 francs. Everyone has heard of the great bob runs of Mürren, Grindelwald, Engelberg, St. Moritz and Davos.

ICE-RINKS have superseded the lakes for figure-skating, and they have also undergone special methods of preparation. On a flat basis such as a hard tennis court, a deep layer of snow is compressed by a heavy roller, and after it has begun to freeze the whole is flooded carefully and regularly. Every night the rink is thoroughly scraped by a number of labourers, and then flooded anew.

CURLING, according to an old tradition, was brought to Scotland in the beginning of the 16th Century by Flemish emigrants, and games which resemble this sport very closely have existed in Slesvig-Holstein and in the Tyrol for ages. Curling was introduced into Switzerland by members of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. When, in 1905, Dr. Henry Lunn offered a cup for an International curling match at Kandersteg, nearly a hundred Scots came from their native land, bringing with them about three tons of Caledonian granite in curling stones. The Jackson Curling Challenge Cup, and the American Express Company Curling Shield are annually contested for by teams of Grindelwald, St. Moritz and Wengen, both Anglo-Saxon and Swiss teams competing.

ICE hockey, which was initiated by Canadians, was brought to the Swiss mountains in the beginning of this century, and it has spread so much that there are quite thirty clubs competing annually for the Swiss National Challenge Cup. In this sport the Rosey Club, Gstaad, and Bellerive Club, Vevey, are of the foremost in Switzerland. The Oxford *v.* Cambridge ice hockey match is regularly played at Mürren about Christmas time. At this resort a game of cricket may be played on the ice, and cricketers be seen in flannels in the blazing January sun. Even tennis has been played on ice rinks at some of the sports centres of the Bernese Oberland.

CONCERNING the origin of the ski, A. M. Hansen, the expert, believes it to have been in use in Asia more than a thousand years ago. In Norway it has been used for centuries for practical purposes only. The old Norse word "skidh"

"The ski was in use in Asia a thousand years ago"

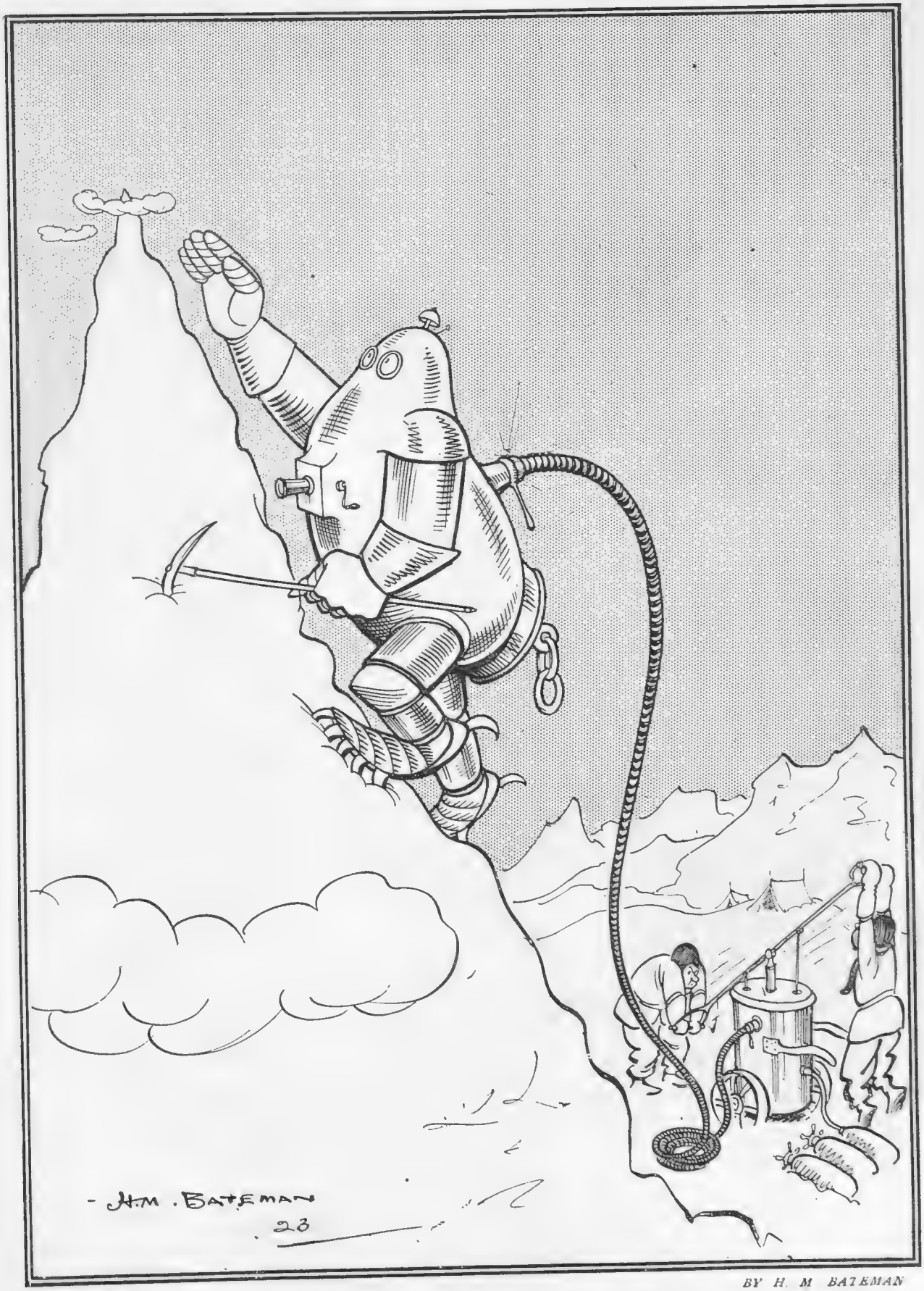
denotes a snowshoe, and it is an interesting philological coincidence that Mr. Vivian Caulfeild, the twentieth century author of *How to Ski* and an old visitor to Adelboden and Mürren, speaks of "skid-turns." The question is open if "skidh" is more nearly connected with the idea of billets or with that of sliding; in the old Norse Edda Saga the bone-skates of Uller are termed "skidi." The Norwegian pronunciation of the word ski is, phonetically transcribed, "skee," and it deserves preference before the Danish pronunciation, "shee," as Telemark and Christiania are both in Norway, from which country this sport has spread across Europe. The peasants of the Telemark Valley were the first to make the ski a sporting implement, and among the ski types the Telemark shape is better than others suited for use in mountains, forests and the lowlands. For Alpine purposes, especially climbing, they should be a little shorter.

ABOUT 1850 the monks of the Great St. Bernard Hospice, as well as a few persons in Austria, the Riesengebirge and England, made use of the ski for practical purposes. In the 'seventies, Dr. Herwig, of Arosa, and a physician at Les Praz-de-Chamonix did the same. In 1889 Alpine ski tours were made by Kleinoschegg; in 1891 Dr. Pilet conquered the Feldberg, and in 1895 Dr. Paulke climbed the Oberalpstock, and two years later crossed the Bernese Alps on skis with Mr. Beauclair and other friends. Mr. E. C. Richardson, who had begun ski-ing in Norway in 1895, brought Norwegian skis to Davos in 1901, and a year or two later the first Swiss ski meet was held.

IN 1904, Mr. W. Rickmers' fine stem turns on skis were admired at Davos, and Leif Berg, as well as Björnsen, did some superb jumping at the Glarus meeting. Since then this noble sport has taken a wonderful development in the high Alps, where even regular summer ski meets take place, as those on Jungfraujoch, the Wildstrubel and the Roseg Glacier. Cross-country ski races in the Alps, and slalom and jumping competitions with jumps of 150 feet in length, belong to the Swiss annual ski meetings. Skikjöring also is a much-favoured sport, which is especially practised at Gstaad, on St. Moritz Lake, at Davos Lake, at Grindelwald and at Adelboden. This is one of the most elegant and graceful sports practised. In connection with skikjöring, horse-jumping on snow as it is practised at Gstaad every winter, and the horse-races on snow at St. Moritz, Gstaad and Château d'Oex should also be mentioned, since they form special attractions in the programme of Alpine winter sports.

C. U.

The Last Inch!



BY H. M. BATEMAN

"A LITTLE MORE—HOW MUCH IT IS!"

THE GREAT WELL

AT THE NEW

BY "JINGLE"
ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL
Produced on December 19, 1922

I HAVE seen it suggested that the theme of this play is not very new because it turns to some extent on the money question. It is true, of course, that the idea of someone, threatened with financial ruin, suddenly turning the corner and shovelling up the good money in stacks, is one of the basic themes of all fiction. But convention requires that the "happy ending" that makes the hero rich at last, shall be supplied in one of two ways. Either a half-forgotten uncle dies and leaves him the stuff, or a successful plunge in the speculative markets brings it rolling in. Nobody would be vulgar enough to suggest that the fellow ought to get his money by working for it. To this extent the theme is so old that it is ever new. It is on all-fours with the tradition that in every light comedy there must be a young couple who become engaged at the fall of the curtain. And if this ancient tag is run into most plays to please the girls, why should not the mild excitement of a vicarious flutter be worked in to please the men? Love has been said to be woman's whole existence; but man is out for the cash. And it is pleasant to be able to believe, if only for an hour or two, that there really is some of it about.

THE money part of the play is, however, only incidental. An Oil Company has summoned a meeting of its shareholders to hear an important announcement that will gravely affect the market price of their shares. Privately we know, through the indiscretion of one of the parties to the secret, that the company has suffered a great loss. When this fact is made public the shares will, of course, drop considerably, and there may even be a bit of a panic on the market. But the directors who hold the great secret are far too high-minded to take advantage of their knowledge to unload their holdings before the other shareholders can join in the rush. I think there are records of cases when Company Directors have not shown this nice restraint; but a prominent financier who is now doing time once assured us that there is no more honourable man in the world than the City Company Director, and we may, therefore, take heart and look on the brighter side.

WE now come to the snake in the grass. Mr. Peter Starling, the Managing Director of the Oil Company, is not very happily married. Indeed, although he and his wife have been but a twelvemonth wed, we are told that they already occupy separate bedrooms, a frivolous detail that is doubtless supplied for the sake of artistic emphasis. Mrs. Starling has a dear friend in Major Darenth, who trots her about, and makes himself generally amusing to her,

MARY JERROLD AND MICHAEL SHERBROOKE

while her husband is too much absorbed by his business interests to share her pursuit of pleasure. Major Darenth is a man who was once a "rotter"; but during the War he made good. Now that there is for the moment no war on, he has reverted to the "rotter" state.

LAURA COWIE AND MATHESON LANG

ONCE, "over there," Darenth found Starling asleep on sentry duty, and was kind enough to refrain from reporting the incident, thus saving Starling from the unpleasant experience of being shot at dawn. Apparently, in the case of a man who has once saved your life, it becomes a bit of a problem to decide how far you can let him subsequently destroy your happiness before you will feel justified in hitting him one. Darenth is a gambler. When he has cleared off his last debts, he will be penniless, and will have to go abroad, and be a frontier policeman, or something of that sort. It is true there is a shady market-operator of the name of Milford who would pay Darenth a couple

of thousand pounds for a premature knowledge of the Oil Company's secret; but Darenth hasn't got the goods to sell. Mrs. Starling is sad to hear that Darenth will have to go abroad. She will be so lonely without him. So she blurts out the vital information. The Great Well, one of the Company's chief assets, has dried up!

DARENTH promptly disposes of his secret to Milford. But so that there shall be no chance of tracing the grave indiscretion to its source, Milford agrees to operate through a third party. He sells hard with the usual object of bringing down prices so that he can buy in cheaply for delivery. Starling and his fellow Directors watch the slump in the market and wonder, and keep on wondering. Who could have given the secret away? They question each other suspiciously; while even Mrs. Starling is asked point blank if she has mentioned the matter to anyone. She lies so glibly that they are bound to believe her, and, indeed, go so far as to apologise for having been so rude as to ask such a very delicate question.

THEN we get a bit of detective work on the part of Simon Banks, the Secretary of the Company, who is skilled in ferreting in the devious ways of High Finance. By subterranean methods he comes to learn that it is Milford and not the third party who is banging down the market. But Milford is the employer of Darenth, and Darenth is the dear friend of Mrs. Starling, and things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, or something of that sort. It is all clear to Starling then. The other Directors meet Mr. and Mrs. Starling in the drawing-room of Starling's house and insist that Mrs. Starling shall remain while they question her—a rather unusual proceeding I take it. Or, at least, I hope so. But Starling, who now sees daylight very clearly indeed, takes the blame upon himself with very proper chivalry, and gets sacked for his pains.

A LITTLE FRICTION IN THE OIL WORLD

AS it happens, the Great Well in due course breaks out in a fresh place, and gets its second wind, so that the shares go up instead of down. Another result is that Mr. Milford, who has been "bearing" the shares so hard, cannot now buy in again without loss, and he is ruined accordingly. But I believe there is always joy among the unregenerate when a "bear" is squeezed on the market, and it is not for a mere outsider like myself, in any case, to waste a tear upon him. Then Mr. and Mrs. Starling have it out, as you might say. According to the evidence in hand, Starling feels justified in talking of a divorce; but further evidence of a documentary kind is forthcoming to prove that Darenth is still looking forward hopefully to the sin not yet committed. And then Mrs. Starling tells her husband that there is going to be a baby, and the two embrace, and everybody is comfortably pleased. Mr.

Matheson Lang gives a most impressive picture of the very correct City man, and Mr. Michael Sherbrooke is properly emotional as the ferret that unearthed more than he went to seek. Miss Laura Cowie is both charming and competent as the erratic Mrs. Starling.

A VERY amusing character is that of an average lady speculator who wants to make quite sure before taking any risk in her "flutter"; she is represented by Miss Mary Jerrold with singular aptitude and ability. I enjoyed the play very much.

JINGLE

LONDON CLUB TYPES

BY "ANTHONY"

Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN

No. VI.—"THE GAG"

It's real name is "The Senior Imperial Services," but it has always been called the "Gag,"—why, no one knows. The shorter name has its advantages. Fancy having to tell a cabman to drive out to The Senior Imperial Services just after one's regimental dinner—one would probably find oneself out at Poplar or Hammersmith.

Uncle Joe belongs to the "Gag." For twenty-five years Uncle Joe served his country; most of his time was spent in India, where, besides seeing a good deal of fighting, he got bitten by a mountain monkey on the North-West Frontier; also, a mule trod on his instep during the relief of Ladysmith. Now he has got a pension of £150 a year, which he spends on port. Luckily, he has private means.

He is a fluent talker, especially on the present Government's handling of Indian affairs. As he talks his eyes become like pin-points in a crimson sunset, and a pomegranate flush suffuses his cheeks. To tell the truth, I am afraid that of late Uncle Joe has become rather testy.

It was nervous work going to dinner with him, but I am his only nephew, and he has never married—what can one do? It wouldn't be kind to let him think no one took an interest in him, or cared what became of his property.

He was waiting for me in the hall, one eye on the clock. I also had one eye on the clock, and seeing the hand pointed to a minute past eight hurried—and tripped over the page-boy.

It wasn't the page-boy's fault, but my uncle gave him a look like he gave the sentry who caught his rifle in the G.O.C.'s coat—not a nice look at all.

"Come on, my boy, the soup'll be getting cold." He led me into the dining-room, and we took our seats.

My uncle sipped his soup.

"Tasteless—wants something in it"; he shook a small bottle over both our plates.

"What's the matter, my boy? Your eyes are watering."

"Got a cold coming on, I expect," I said, trying to rub a drop of pure Tabasco off my tongue.

"Lot of fellows dining to-night," said my uncle, looking round the room. "There's the Admiral, and there's Geyzer—bless my soul, he's a General now; I remember when he and I were subalterns in Simla, and——"

This anecdote lasted some time. Meanwhile I took a look round the room.

The rest of the company consisted principally of men who had passed what Mr. Jorrocks called the "grand climateric"; rosy-cheeked old gentlemen with grizzled moustaches and very straight backs—"well preserved," is, I believe, the correct expression. There were some younger ones, too, but I didn't take much account of them; it was the Generals and Admirals that fascinated me. To think that once just the flicker of General Geyzer's eyelid had set 10,000 men quivering on parade, and that only just before dinner all his resources of language and looks had been powerless to make a young artillery captain lead the fourth highest of his longest suit (so my uncle told me)—ah, well!

Suddenly my eye lit on a picture just above us. It was a picture of a girl; words fail me to describe her loveliness. Her head was thrown back, her eyes half-closed, and a pair of the most adorable red lips were curved in the most entrancing smile man ever looked upon.

My uncle saw my glance.

"That's our Greuze," he said, "very fine picture. *Burr-hur!*" (uncle's got a good throaty cough). "Now, my boy, some port."

The port came, and more reminiscences. After his second glass I caught Uncle's eye stealing an upward glance at the Greuze.

"Tell you what, my boy; instead of bridge, what do you say to going to the theatre; one of those musical comedies or revues, eh? I'm a bit deaf for a play, but my eyes are still pretty good. *Burr-hur!*"

I gladly agreed to the suggestion.

BASED on prices given for mediæval glass in the States, the Dean of York values the glass in York Minster at £73,000,000. Seeing the fancy prices paid in America for even *one* glass, we daresay the Dean's estimate is fairly correct.

Silhouetted in Switzerland—

—Or, the Dark Doings of D'Egville

An Ice Turn-Out

BY MARCHANT-SMITH

"SWIFTLY SHOD WITH STEEL"

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN

III.—THE OPEN-AIR WOMAN

By DELL LEIGH

THE blazoning of her coat of arms, were she allowed one, would be somewhat as follows:

Tincture, grass-green. Shield lozenge shape.

Dexter.—Crossed tennis racquets (*gules*).

Sinister.—A motor engine (*sable*) over a female form in overalls (*couchant, purpure*).

Fess Point.—A horse's head (*couped*).

Dexter Base.—A salmon (*hauriant*).

Sinister Base.—A golf club (*rampant*).

Her mentality is dulled, her eyes blind, to any other world than that in which she wanders sturdily in her "serviceable" brown brogues. She radiates a slightly aggressive healthiness. On a bitterly cold morning when you are recovering slowly, but frigidly, from yesterday's walking-up of partridges over interminable roots, she will say, "Whew! dreadfully stuffy in here," and fling wide the window. Then she will stand between you and the hesitant fire, legs stiffly apart, hands thrust deep into pockets of tweed skirt, and look you over critically, much as she looks over her favourite mare, between half-closed, quizzical eyes.

If she knows you very well she will say:

"H'm! Not so young as we were, old thing—what? Feeling wormish this morning? It's the awful town life you lead. I'm not surprised."

If you are merely a guest of lesser intimacy in the barrack of a house, she will say:

"I'm afraid we walked you a bit too far yesterday. Shall we only play nine holes, and come back to lunch?"

Her tone is genuinely sympathetic. But the aversion to the city man is ill-suppressed behind it.

She has a short-circuit directness of speech which goes straight to the heart of hunt whips, beaters and farm hands. Recalcitrant dogs, a lolloping rabbit in sight, turn in their own length to abashed heel at her curt "Co-o-ome out o' that, you——!" She enters into no arguments with bestially cheerful people at breakfast, because she is too busy with the *Field* or the *Kennelman*, which is propped up against an empty toast-rack. But she will murmur "marmalade, please," with a mouth partially occupied, and the hand she stretches for the proffered jar will wear a rather battered male signet ring on the little finger, and her wrist a watch in an almost black pigskin case. There is no "Shall I put the car away for you?" with her. For she does not deposit you and your kit-bag at the front door, but at the garage itself, some distance off, into which she backs her car with practised ease in the greasy darkness.

The mask of solicitous sympathy, reserved for most members, drops from the face of the golf professional as she enters his shop. He has speech then, not with a *soi-disant* player of the game, but with a brother craftsman. He would never dream of handing her the first mashie that comes from the rack. Rather would he indicate with a nod and a crafty wink a gem, hidden behind a host of others, one fit for a worthy disciple, not a divot-digger, like you and me. When they trudge out together for a slashing eighteen holes in a high wind, off the back tees, caddieless, as is the way of giants, he takes no undue risks, and plays carefully, giving her a half only.

She has a cold bath every morning, and yawns her way heavily to bed at ten, spluttering candle in hand. When she marries, which is often rather late in life, she becomes obsessed by her children, to whom she devotes an inordinate amount of time. But only for a time. When they reach the earliest age for a governess, the field, stream and covert claim her again, and she sees them usually at night, in the blank space before the dressing gong, when the gramophone is turned on, and she "skylarks" with a wild abandon for an hour, and then dismisses them with the curt order, "Bed, chicks; carry on now, no nonsense."

It is instantly obeyed.

When, at rare intervals, she is called to London, by the imperious summons of a family marriage, or the exigencies of Christmas shopping, she is rather a pathetic figure.

Her clothes betray her.

Unlike the town woman, whose country clothes are seldom right, because the country has no fashions, only efficiency, the country woman is comfortably correct under the skies, but painfully conspicuous under the glare of massed electricity. She is probably fond of music, although she seldom hears any,

and will go cheerfully to the opera in a mackintosh over her evening frock. Study the flashlight photographs of hunt balls. You will see the open-air woman, and she who has "come down for it" sitting side by side. Their clothes are as the poles apart. It is as if the details of their daily life were written across their frocks.

A shooting guest, anxious to repay hospitality, asks her to dine and dance at the Eclaté. She has brought up a party frock. "You bet. Rather! Don't catch me bending like that, young-feller-m'lad." She arrives in it. Punctual to the minute. It is black, very decorative, covered with filigrees, has tight, hot little sleeves and a prominently swathed waistline. She wears a large plaque pendant, black silk stockings, and black *suède* shoes. In this *complètement* she stands perfectly at ease in her characteristic attitude before the lounge fire, waiting for him; stroking a pair of long white gloves in her hands, and studying what she will subsequently describe as the "nakedness" of the other women. She is not shocked at their lack of frock. You do not easily shock her. She has lived too much with the crudities of nature to be embarrassed. She is merely puzzled. A slow, half-expressed contempt creeps into the back of her steady, unembellished eyes as she watches those who are not of her order saunter out from the cloak-room to their pomaded men.

She carries the first fences of the elaborately French dinner with her usual breezy vivacity. She regales him with a technical account of a seven-mile point at a meet of the Belsize on Tuesday, with hounds running like stags, and Minnie Ha-Ha lepping under her like the darling she is; the while he studies her dubiously. There is something wrong. She is not in the picture. And yet she is too much in it. Adjacent women keep glancing at her with cold, vapid eyes, and then talk volubly to each other. This is not the same woman who came out cubbing with him at four on an autumn morning, looking as fresh as paint, and holding a pulling young horse with accomplished ease! She looks tired, tinselly, and rather cheap. Not suburban, that would be impossible; but *gauche*—a bit frumpy.

"Odd dress she's got on. Too much of it altogether. Very curious."

She, too, woman-wise, has noticed, interpreted the glances from adjoining tables. She is unmoved, at first. After all, who *are* all these dreadful creatures with the too red lips and the too white faces? They are terribly *chez elles*, though, all of them. And she is not. Distinctly uncomfortable she becomes when the propinquity of the dancing brings her country party-frock, made several years ago, into side by side comparison with those others, which are all of one piece, and deuced little of that. And, what is more, she has a very lovely back and strong, smooth arms, if they only knew. Smoother and more shapely than theirs. But they don't. They merely look, up and down and away, with the momentary feminine eyelash flicker of chilly tolerance. Ruminating thus she lets her attention wander from the rather advanced fox-trotting in hand, and drags heavily upon his suddenly altered step.

She sees him, through a mirror, raise covert eyebrows at a passing friend; eyebrows which signal:

"Ye gods, pity me! A ton weight, old boy, and elementary at that!"

And she asks, very much too early, to be taken back to her hotel. He had expected her to insist upon being put into a taxi only, like all sensible women, that he might continue with all and sundry.

But men take their ladies home—in the country.

She feels deadly tired, and strangely weepy, as she lets her hair down in her room. Hateful place, London. Nothing but hypocrisy, alcohol—and indecency, glancing at her own dress flung on the bed rails.

Air!—phew!—do they *never* have air? She turns off the steam radiator before getting into bed, and flings up the window. But the clank of cabs and rumble of lorries going to Covent Garden keep her awake, and she gets up and shuts it savagely. She will probably be asphyxiated—loathsome! At least one must sleep.

But she does not. Not for a long time.

She is thinking too much of London, with trepidation; and of the country, with a fierce affection. . . .

And in the morning she looks positively yellow.

Great Scot! Where's a time-table?

A GENTLE BLAST By Graham Simmons

Amateur Musician: "Do you think there's any music in me?"
Professional ditto: "I should imagine so—at least, I never heard any come out!"

NEXT WEEK—
No. IV.—THE BARGAIN BASEMENT WOMAN

BY REGINALD HIGGINS

LIGHT O' LANTERN

From the coloured etching by Jean Hardy

L'HIVER

Arms and the Woman—On a Peak

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

I HAD just come to hear the details to palpitate about the new sport Nevada, which does seem to combine the peculiar thrills of the switchback railway, and the obstacle race with the familiar, but ever rapturous, delights of the established winter sports. This novelty had been almost the sufficient inducement, most hard to resist, to manœuvre the absence from Paris of a fortnight. And as I was just engaged to reflect about how could be accomplished the risky deed without to be missed, the *concierge* brought up a letter from the American Express, which most abruptly asked me this question:

"Creates false impression of affection"

"Monsieur,

"Have you ever met anyone returning from a winter sport holiday who was not feeling healthier and looking better for the experience?"

WELL, I was perfectly ready to admit to myself that I had never seen such a person. But such abruptness is rather disconcerting. I did not quite see why a stranger should wish to pry into my private sorrows——for such they would be. Without to read any further, I have looked to see if the American Express gentleman had enclosed a stamped and addressed envelope for a reply, in view that he has shown the such anxiety for my experience on this topic of the moment. He had not. I rather resented this.

BUT I have lost my ill-humour when I have reflected what a clever gentleman he must be to know that I have had under consideration at this very moment the matter of winter sports. So I have been appeased, and have turned back to see what other interrogations this "right-there" gentleman could have.

"We have to search a long way back for a case (he has continued). Then it was a matter of the wrong hotel at the wrong resort—nothing to do with the cheery sunshine and winelike air that create energy and optimism and joy in living. Given a comfortable hotel and a good resort one cannot help having a glorious time."

TO this I have nodded the head, and have been perfectly in agreement with him. I have been ready to provide the five sous myself to tell him so. All the more, as he has provided me with a most useful list of the good hotels with the reasonable prices. Forthwith have I decided to expend the five sous to inform him that he can count on me, and that I have the such complete confidence in his talents that I know he will be able to evolve the adequate explanation for my absence from Paris.

"The shapely legs of the French woman"

"*MAGNIFIQUE*," has exclaimed Fernande, when I have confided to her the project. She also has been full of admiration for the *staccato* inquisitor when she has found that his little booklet has offered the advice about the correct garments, in which she has the coquetry to appreciate in advance that she will look *superbe*. And this in the despite that she is the *débutante* in the winter sports, except for the football.

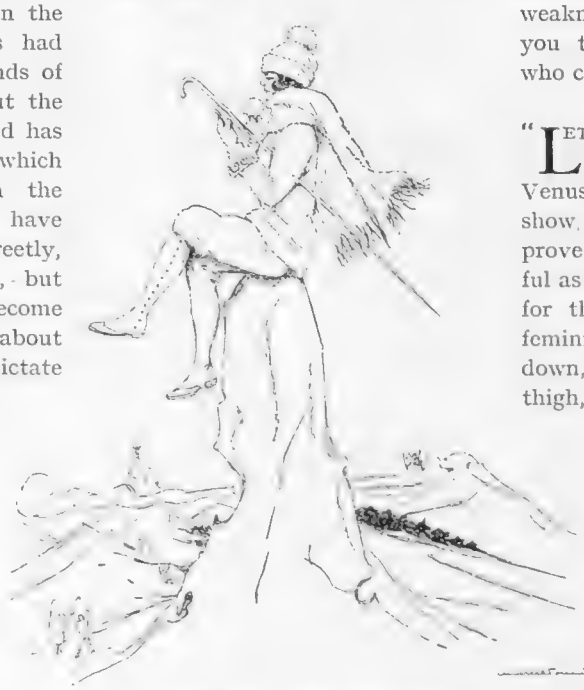
SHE has been, however, so timid a *débutante* on the ice that she has created the complications with the skating instructor, who has mistaken the clasp of fear for the hug of affection. One has had to employ the tactful words about this to the instructor. After the few days, *cependant*, she has become so bold that we have been able to make

"Girls are advised to swing a chair"

the long *randonnées* on the skis, high up among the peaks.

AND one has had the peculiarity to observe that the Parisienne is still the Parisienne even among the perilous pinnacles, for on the edge of a crag which has had the sheer descent of thousands of feet, Fernande has taken out the little mirror and the puff and has proceeded to dab the cheeks which have already glowed with the natural Swiss rosiness. I have remonstrated (oh, very discreetly, I assure you) about this, but none the less have I become involved in the argument about the males who seek to dictate the ways to female beauty.

YOU must know that there is a group of gentlemen in Paris who have developed the habit to say the derogatory things about the female arm. "Not fit to be revealed," have they said, "and once it has been the pride of all Europe!" Well, Fernande, when I have timidly remonstrated that there is no need to tint the rose, has made me the *bouc émissaire* of her pent-up grievances against the professorial critics. "What do they know about it, *par exemple*?" has she exclaimed. "What authority have they to say that we have cultivated the beauty of the leg at the expense of the arm? What have they seen of the Parisienne leg, anyway?"



"Parisiennes don't change their habits"

"QUEL TOUPET! for you to tell us that we should swing a chair backward and forward every morning with alternate arms in order to have the arms as graceful as the legs. And that then we should have all the arms of Venus! What do you know about the arms of Venus, in any case? Some of you professors may be very elderly in your ideas, but you are not old enough to remember Venus when she had arms. That does show the weakness of your assertions when you take as an example a lady who cannot be brought to the test.

"LET some of your erudite friends produce the arms of Venus, and we will be prepared to show our arms alongside them to prove that they are quite as graceful as those of any old De Milo. As for the assertion that the perfect feminine arm must, when stretched down, reach to the middle of the thigh, while the biceps must have the circumference equal to that of the neck of the maiden, just because these are the measurements in the painting of the Sabine women—I think *deux fois rien* of your Sabine women, *voila!*"

FOR fear to be pushed over the crag by the sturdy arms of Fernande I have hastened to say that they are far more graceful than those of the Sabine women. For comparisons which are odious on the level are much too perilous on a precipice.

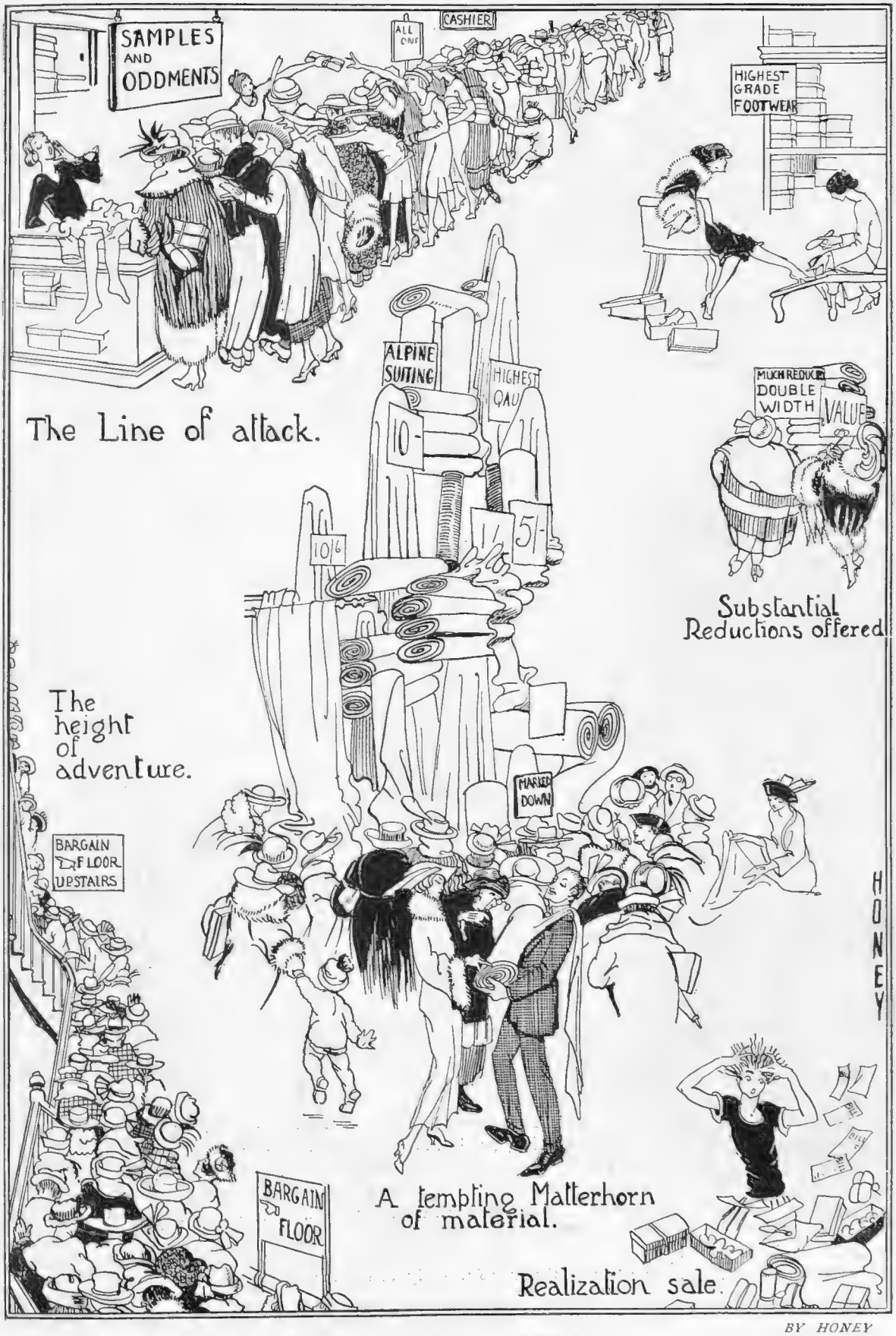
ROLAND

Photograph *G. P. U.*

A YOUTHFUL—AND ENTHUSIASTIC COMMITTEE

Miss Mary Berry, the Chairman, and Miss Eileen Hunter, the Secretary, with their committee of girl helpers for the Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square. Each helper has undertaken to collect £1 a year for three years, and to find three friends to do the same, "Three" should prove a lucky number for the hospital!

"Sales" in the Offing



BY HONEY

HUNTING THE BARGAIN

In London—Still. By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"Winter sports—skating"

LONDON, *January* 15

DEAR COUSIN—

YES, it *is* still London I'm writing from, and I'm not really one little bit cross or jealous, or envious, or anything of that kind about it (said she, lying nobly and *ad lib.*). Though, you know, there *do* seem to be one or two other places where it's quite possible to live and have your being quite bearably just this partic'lar season and time of year.

SWITZERLAND, for one. In the snows, the glorious snows and champagne-like crisp air of the mountains, where, 'stead of the roar and jangle and clatter of traffic, you have just one great soft, white, thickly-muffled silence reigning all round. Broken only by joyous sounds—the scuttering whizz of luges along the frozen run, the gentle swish of snow as you streak through it on ski, the glorious slithering flight of the bob that rushes up banks, round turns, and hell-for-leather along the straight, at about a thousand miles per hour. . . .

AND the lovely tinkling ring of skates on ice—real ice, black ice, ice that you know'll be there at your door, so to speak, every morning and every evening, and not the happy-go-lucky sort of snacks and oddments of it that we occasionally do get over here, and have to travel miles and miles to reach every time.

JUST the week of weeks, too, 'sfar as I can see, this one is, at all the best and biggest places where Jupiter Hiems, or, in other words, the great God of Snow-and-Ice, now rules. At St. Moritz, skating festivals and hockey matches and bob races for all sorts of cups—at Davos ditto, and everywhere all the fun of the fair, as you might say, right at the very top of its swing.

FOR, of course, as it's so lovely it doesn't last *very* long, the winter sports season, I mean—really completely perfect things never do, do they? But while it does. . . . Oh, the indescribably utterly-unattainable-anywhere-else *clean* feeling of it all! Everything else in life seems so stuffy next it. Mean little horrid little paltry things simply don't seem to be able to live in that rarefied atmosphere.

IN the morning early you wake up (feeling fearf'ly sleepy, of course, as all the best people do), but when you've had the strength of mind just to go to the window and draw up the blinds. . . . Oh, my dear, right from the start what wonderful days those are, and quite unlike anything else in the world! Masses of snow-peaks, there are, to greet your eye, all tinged with the loveliest rose-pink of dawn, and all around and below them, white, still, soothing snow, with just pines peeping out of it every here and there to make 'xactly the right dark, restful background for its staring brilliance.

AND then, when you've gazed and gazed till your heart nearly bursts for joy at the almost too beautifulness of things, comes some prosaic reminder of the mere material earth. Breakfast? Yes, good idea, what? And *on sonne*, and so in due course arriveth the *café complet* and the *miel* therewith. . . .

AND so—forth to the fray . . . to luge, to skate, to ski, to bob, to tail, to curl, to eat enormous meals, to dance half the night when you thought you were so tired you could

"A big night at the Opera"

"Americans coming over to Europe"

hardly stand. And then . . . to wake up next morning perfectly fresh and start all over again.

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MUSTN'T talk about it any more, though, or there'll be murder done — or, anyway, simply awful moral crimes of envy, hatred and malice committed, so let's be philosophical. And, 'sides, here's lots and lots and to spare to keep us going quite strong on the wing, even in this old home town of ours. 'N fact, it's one of the best times of all the year to be in London, really, if we only knew it.

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THERE'S opera on, for one thing, here in London now. Think of it! Opera in January, which once was the deadest of all the dead times in the year. Even a special Melba night this very week, with the wonderful *voix d'or* singing in that most wonderful of all her parts, Mimi, in *La Bohême*. A sort of gala night it's going to be, you know, that even the slackest of us'll have to dress for. Not to mention all sorts of other d'lightful things that have happened in the all-British opera company's all-too-brief season, that comes to an end, alas! this coming Saturday as ever is.

AND such a fascinating *Butterfly*, with Maggie Teyte doing the big part almost as well as Destinn, and all sorts of other Verdis and Puccinis, 's well as just a few—only too few—Wagner nights of *Siegfried* and *Valkyrie* and *Tannhäuser*. 'Fraid I'm rather a Hun, *musically*, anyway—though I do still utterly and entirely detest 'em all other kinds of ways and am all for M. Poincaré and his rough stuff on the Ruhr, aren't you? Only way, after all, isn't it, to *learn* 'em to be Huns . . . even if the Americans *are* coming over here to help.

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TALKING of singing, just been hearing what I can't help feeling's rather a pathetic effort in that way—the Veterans of Variety at the Palladium. Sad in a way, I mean, to see 'em coming on and singing their dear old songs of the 'eighties and 'nineties, like Tom Costello's about how—

> I'll go down in the angry deep
> With the ship — I — love . . .

Etc. We do seem to have progressed just a bit in the way of lyrics and things since Queen Victoria's time—or was it William the Fourth?

卐

THOUGH not really otherwise much sign of moss collecting around the aforesaid veterans, 'specially Arthur Roberts (who, I believe's, a mere lad of seventy or so) and Sable Fern, complete with sentimental song and suit of white flannel pyjamas, or words to that effect. "I' faith, an excellent wench—she's a beagle," as they say in the d'lightful and quite surprisingly modern *Twelfth Night* they've been giving at that most distant, but popular of theatres, the Everyman, at Hampstead.

卐

HAVE been supping, too, at Murray's, where the foods and drinks are always so perfect and the Russian Balagantschik people are still giving their bright and breezy, not to say vociferous, *cabaret* show. Also dancing in the Palm Court at the Cecil, and . . . well, getting, in fact, positively quite pale and wan, what with all the things there have been to do every night, this alleged "dead" time in Town.

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AND shall simply *have* to go and pay quite prolonged and protracted visits to some of the beauty specialists and people soon, methinks, if I'm to keep going at all in this hectic life and still be able to face my mirror, mornings, that is.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

"At the Beauty Specialist's"

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

The Grand National

Is it a coincidence that the Grand National is run on March 23, 1923, and that the new conditions have been the means of reducing the entry by twenty-three, as compared with last year? Which reminds me that it was twenty-three years ago that King Edward, then Prince of Wales, won the big Aintree event, and the same year won the Triple Crown with Diamond Jubilee. Unfortunately, our present monarch does not race under National Hunt Rules, but the Prince of Wales is probably more keen on 'chasing than flat-racing. There have been many rumours that he was going to join the ranks of owners, but I suppose economy is still the watchword in the Royal household. By the way, a daily paper was in error the other day when it stated that the Prince would be viewing the Grand National for the first time in March. If I remember rightly he was present in Shaun Spadah's year.

Hardy Annuals

'CHASERS often last a long time, but there are not so many "hardy annuals" as usual in this year's entry. With Music Hall an absentee, Shaun Spadah is the only previous winner engaged. At one time he was a stable-companion of Sergeant Murphy who bobs up once more, spite of his thirteen summers —or should it be winters in the case of a 'chaser? I hear the old "Sergeant" is looking as fresh as ever, and George Blackwell is fortunate in having his son-in-law, Henri Jelliss, to rouse up the gelding on the flat, while Captain Bennet is called in when there are any fences to negotiate.

By "THE TOUT"

OVER THE ODDS

A caricature of Mr. Joe Baylis, the very popular penciller of Tattersall's, and whose colours are equally so. Major V. Beatty trains some of his horses

Hunters at Aintree

THE innovation of a race for hunters over the Grand National course looks like being a big success. Personally, I am hoping there will be a good field, for I am very keen on encouraging the amateurs. And what if a hunter should win the Grand National? Tom Coulthwaite, for one, will not be surprised if Conjuror II does the trick.

On the Rays Meadows

WINDSOR has the week-end to itself. Let us hope the sun will shine on Messrs. Frail just for once in a way. The St. Leonard's Steeplechase looks like going to Poole's Lewes stable, for he is responsible for three of the nine left in. I fancy **Square Dance** or **Vico** will prove the selected. If **Desmond House** goes for the Clarence Hurdle he would be certain to improve on his Birmingham form, where he ran much better than the placings might imply. As a previous winner over the course **Tedney** commands respect in the Corporation Hurdle, while a suitable opportunity occurs in the Over the Top Steeplechase for **Far and Away** to register another victory.

WANTED: A Humorous Photograph

£50 REWARD

PHOTOGRAPHY has become an art to itself, even rivalling the etcher's needle and the painter's brush, but till now it has been confined to the portrayal of beauty: beautiful women; the beauty of motion; the pictured beauty of landscape. It has practically ignored humour; indeed, humour would seem to have evaded the camera's cunning lens. Is this really so? The Editor wishes to know.

And, in order to discover this apparent lack of humour, he is prepared to offer a cheque for Fifty Pounds for the photograph which, in his opinion, most truly pictures a spirit of fun, which most truly captures the smiling sprite of humour and from staid seriousness does turn his face—and yours—to smile. Simply a photograph of fun, not a marvellous print requiring years of applied technique to accomplish, just some funny photograph. That's all. And the cheque is yours.

Fill in the entry form on page IV of this issue and paste it on the back of your photograph. Any number of pictures may be submitted, but each must have the coupon pasted on the back of it.

Photographs must be addressed to The Editor, "The Bystander," Graphic Buildings, London, E.C.4, in envelopes marked Photographic Competition in the left top corner. They must not be rolled, and should be carefully sealed to avoid postal accidents. They must reach us by *February 1st, 1923.*

The decision of the Editor will be final, and the full copyright and negative of the winning picture will become the property of "The Bystander." The Editor reserves the right to publish any photograph sent in at the usual rate of payment.

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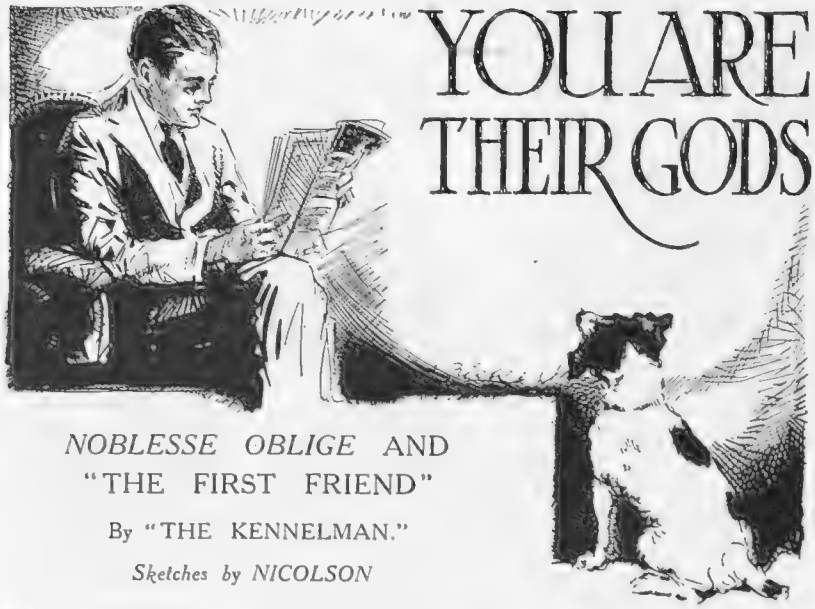

YOU ARE THEIR GODS

NOBLESSE OBLIGE AND "THE FIRST FRIEND"

By "THE KENNELMAN."

Sketches by NICOLSON

IN different parts of the provinces seven separate Dog Shows open to-day, January 17: on the 23rd, the National Terrier Club hold their Show at Westminster; on the 24th, the British Pekingese Club at Manchester, and on the 31st there will be a big Show at Croydon. Towards the end of the month, entries close for one of the two biggest Shows in the world: Cruft's, at the Agricultural Hall.

The batch of letters from BYSTANDER readers touching my last week's reference to Pekingese amply confirms all I've said as to the breed's popularity; but one correspondent writes (with vehement underlining) that "your tributes are entirely undeserved," and that "Pekes have been exhibited during the past few months which, so far from being 'healthy, robust and keen,' are more like sick rabbits or overfed guinea-pigs than Dogs; miserable, spiritless, pampered creatures!" M'yes; it may be even so; but I think there were added to my descriptive comments on the breed, these words: "All this, *if* rationally bred and kept"; and I think it may be mentioned without offence that most of us have observed examples of the "sick rabbit" or overfed guinea-pig" type in every one of the six-and eighty varieties recognised by the K.C. at Shows. One laments such sights; but—if one's wise—doesn't permit them to affect one's estimate of any given breed. You meet some pretty "sick rabbits" among your fellow-countrymen, now and again; but it doesn't make you condemn the British race (with underlining); not if your liver's anyway normal, does it?

It's rather a score to get a Christmas present weeks after *der Tag*. Mine (from a friend abroad) is a jolly little green book by Lucy Menzies, called *The First Friend*—You remember Kipling's story of the Woman and the Dog?—a new anthology of extracts from writings about Dogs, from

A DOG FRIEND

1400 B.C. to 1921, as ever was. Everything in it strikes me as top-hole; and so I can't in decency complain of the omissions in the matter of the best writings in our own day; but—inevitably, no doubt—they're pretty numerous; nothing about "Finn," or "Buck," or "Jan," or "White Fang," or "Jock" (of the Bush Veld), or even "Owd Bob."

It's interesting to note that in Persia the Dog was so highly esteemed three thousand years ago that the legal penalties for ill-treating him were quite a bit more severe than for ill-treating a man. "Two hundred stripes" for feeding a Sheep-dog badly was a bit sharper than our twentieth century English magistrate's penalty of a few pounds fine for beating a Dog to death, or driving another practically mad by keeping it on the chain in a 3 ft. wide yard *for eighteen months!*

Is it really a fact that, to avoid taking out fresh licences, any considerable number of folk turn Dogs adrift in January? Puzzling, if true, for there are Dog-lovers in every district who would each spare 7*s.* 6*d.*, if asked, to help out. Far better the lethal chamber than the key of a city's streets, to my thinking. Summons dismissed, with £5 5*s.* costs against the R.S.P.C.A., seems a queer result of spreading rat poison without taking any steps to keep Dogs and cats clear of it.

A correspondent writes me of his loss of a valuable Bloodhound and an Alsatian; both shot out of hand on the same day, by a neighbouring farmer, who found one of his sheep had been worried; no warning given, and, I gather, evidence of the Hounds' criminality all to seek.

The real seriousness of such things—casual shootings, poisonings, stealing, abandonment, active cruelty, etc.—lies in the attitude of mind thereby disclosed. It indicates flaws, want of health, in the condition of prevailing public opinion; as do, very emphatically, the inadequate decisions from the judicial bench. Our personal responsibilities, as civilised humans, for and to the Dog community are peculiar and far-reaching. Our Dogs regard us as gods, and with some reason; for there are senses in which we actually created their community. I reckon it part of the absolute duty of everyone who ever had a Dog friend to try to influence and improve *public opinion* in all such matters—*Noblesse oblige!*

Space failing, correspondents please note, I'll do my best by post in matters of quarantine regulations, kennel-building, distemper and colds, treatment of suddenly developed disobedience, exercise in wet weather, and a dozen other points, including recommendation of specific medicines and proprietary foods. Wish I could "broadcast" to avoid writer's cramp!

To H.M. THE KING H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

BY APPOINTMENT

WHAT is wine to a diner? What is the cup to an athlete? What is grooming to a horse? All that and more is a Lincoln Bennett to the man who values his appearance. Maybe he will choose a hat so fine that no money can buy a better. Maybe the hat which best suits his needs costs but a guinea. Either way he is satisfied both with his outlook and his appearance if the hat he wears be a

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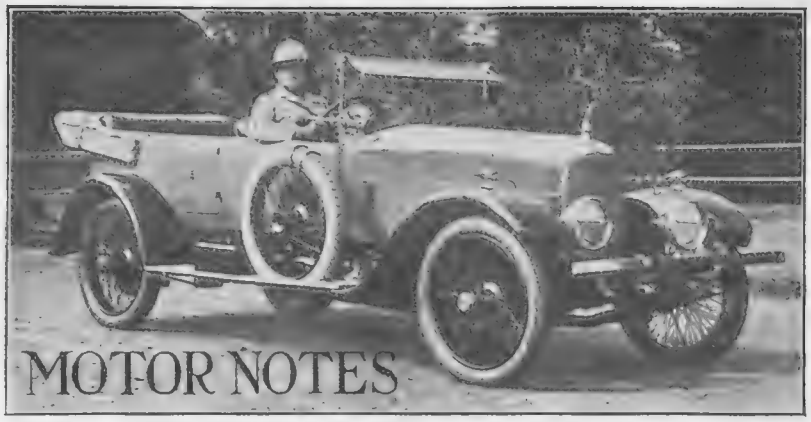


MOTOR NOTES

A ROAD EXPRESS

The Sultan of Johore in his speedy 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall, one of the fastest touring cars now on the road

CHANGEABLE as the weather has been of late it has not prevented the testing of a number of new models that presented themselves before the public at the Motor Show at Olympia and the White City, and which will be again on view at Glasgow during the week, January 26 to February 3. Perhaps the smaller six-cylinder cars created the greater interest in the carriage owners' minds, as these offered efficient substitutes to larger engined models provided their would-be purchasers were content to compare their travelling abilities on the roads with their particular wants, and not to make comparisons between the six-cylinder carriages of 40-50 h.p. and these smaller fry rated between 15 h.p. and 23 h.p. It is an important point, and must not be lost sight of when making trials in these smaller cars.

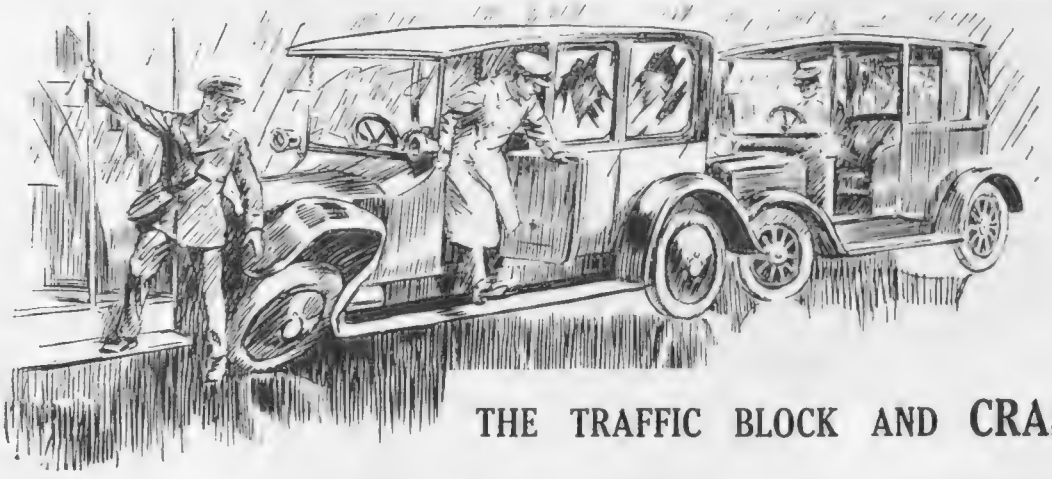
* * *

LIMITED membership with a waiting list makes a club a desirable addition to one's annual subscription list. A case in point is the Automobile Golfing Society, which, by the way, also held its annual dinner in the week before Christmas at the Connaught Rooms. This golf club has a membership limited to 100, and hence its membership is the more duly prized by the motoring golfer. The dinner, by the way, is also the annual general meeting, and Mr. Hamilton Hobson, the hon. sec., presented his yearly report in his own particular and amusing style. Another very cheery gathering, this, with Sir Alfred Mays-Smith in the chair.

With the annual dinner of the Essex Motor Club at the Holborn Restaurant on Saturday, January 6, the festive season in the world of wheels came to a conclusion, and once more the trade has settled down to strict business, as the Scottish Motor Show opens on January 26 and continues to February 3. The Duke of York is going to honour this annual exhibition this year by opening it.

* * *

PERHAPS, some day, there will be no English business-car manufacturers left, having all been run off their legs by the importation of cheap American cars like, for instance, the Gardner, a four-seater four-cylinder that does 60 m.p.h., and costs £395 complete and ready with every gadget. It is about time that a "rating" tax, like our own makers have to pay on their factory and plant, is charged on *all* imported motor vehicles, whether for passengers or goods. The proceeds could go to the Road Fund and help to pay for our smooth roads. But, I suppose, while the private car organisations and the commercial car association are fighting each other on the horse-power tax instead of uniting first to reduce the demand of nearly £14,000,000 from all kinds of motor-owners—passenger cars and commercial cars pay about fifty-fifty—nothing will be done. What about a 33⅓ per cent. duty on all imported commercial motors to start with? Why should only the passenger car pay this import duty? And the answer is—the usual lemon. OLD HY.



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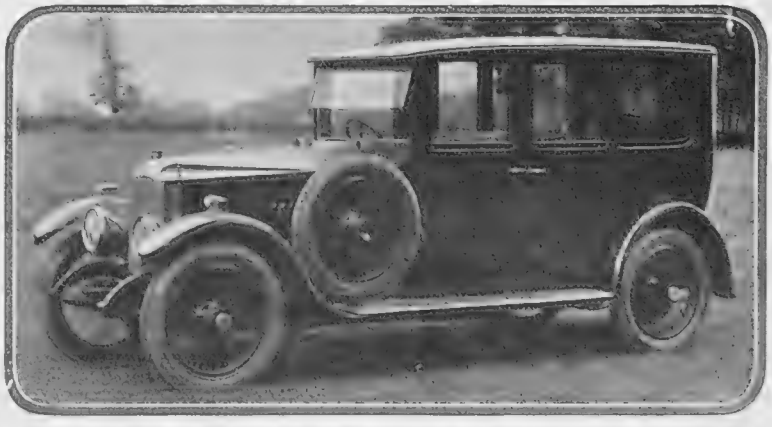

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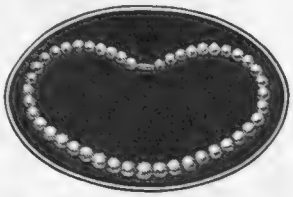

APOLOGY

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DEAR URSULA, *January 12th*

This cute girdle has pink satin ro-es in the centre and plaited silver ribbon at the edge. The middle part is of narrow ribbon in all colours. When you feel bored with all your clothes, the thought of one of these gives you a fresh interest in life.—

PAM IN PARIS

The very last word in fashion is a fur bracelet with a diamond clasp. After all, one does need a little warmth on the arm these chilly evenings!—

The newest evening headdress is a gold cap with velvet loops and ends over the ear. These cerise coloured ends are simply lovely with my silver tissue cloak

PAMELA

Femina

DOMESTIC STAINED GLASS

BY MRS. M. VINCE

It is a mistake to think of stained glass only in connection with churches. Most people do think of it in this way, and that is unfortunate, as well as mistaken, because it probably does a good deal to prevent the use of stained glass in our houses. Yet, in Renaissance times, when some of the most beautiful stained glass was made, it was not only used in churches and public buildings; there was also a great deal of stained glass used in private houses.

It is the discovery of this fact which, I am sure, will most interest those who visit the very fine exhibition of stained glass—modern as well as mediæval—now open at the offices of Messrs. Clayton and Bell at 9, Clifford Street. With the exception of about half a dozen church windows, nearly all the exhibits are domestic glass. Many of them are Biblical subjects—for the Bible was the great story-book of mediæval times. But there are also a number of heraldic panels and one that is entirely and obviously secular—a gentleman in a wig and three-cornered hat riding in a carriage with a glass of wine in his hand. There are also several portraits, of which one of the most interesting, a kneeling man in golden armour, is thought to be a portrait of Richard III. It was found, not long ago, in an Essex house, where it had been stored away for over a hundred years. That date was fixed by pieces of a copy of the *Times* for 1809, pasted over some fragments which were packed away with the portrait.

Whatever the subject, they are all domestic, for they are all in small panels to be fitted into the windows of private houses; or, as was often done, simply hung against them. It was in Switzerland that stained glass was mostly used for domestic purposes. It was not only a popular form of decoration, but a popular form of present. Not only towns and public bodies, but private people presented one another with panels of stained glass. These consisted usually of coats-of-arms, together with portraits, sometimes the portrait of the donor and sometimes of the friend to whom the panel was to be given. It was quite a usual practice for brides and bridegrooms to exchange their portraits in stained glass, surrounded by the family arms. These panels were, as a rule, about twelve inches by nine, so they could be easily hung against a window.

Everyone, I think, will also be very much interested in the small panels of modern stained glass, designed by Mr. Reginald Bell, for these will bring home to them, even more clearly than the old glass, what a much greater use we could make of stained glass in our houses. Two of these panels, one called "A Nursery Knight" and the other "The Riding Clown," are for nurseries, and no one could see them without feeling how charming they would look hung in the middle of the nursery window, and what a joy they would be to children.

Most people, when they think of stained glass, think either of the dark colours of so many of the windows which they see in churches, or else of the ugly coloured glass of which the Victorian jerry-builders were so fond. They know of nothing between the two, and because of this they do not realise the domestic value of stained glass, and how much it can be used without loss of light. There are thousands of windows in London houses of which the lower half is completely covered with curtains to prevent the passers-by from looking in. In such cases stained glass is simpler, cleaner, and much more beautiful than any curtain.

Then, again, in nearly every London house at least one window looks out on a yard, or mews, or the back of another house, and is filled with opaque glass. These rooms, with windows out of which one cannot see, are the hardest to make cheerful and habitable. I would suggest, when it is possible, using stained instead of opaque glass. Then when the eye turns, as it naturally does, towards the light, it will see, instead of mere blankness, brightness and beautiful colours. M. V.

BY MORSE

"JUMPERS" ARE STILL THE RAGE AT ST. MORITZ

Fashions Fancies

FOR WINTER SPORTS. By MRS. JACK MAY

THE world where they amuse themselves on skates and skis will be in full swing when this issue appears in print, and, apparently, from all accounts, the gods are kind in the matter of climatic conditions in Switzerland, which is the easiest and most accessible rendezvous for we English to reach, although one hears of equally excellent sport being obtainable in Norway, where, perhaps, the social element is less well represented.

A Practical Sports Suit

PLENTY of woolly suits have gone to Switzerland, of that there is no manner of doubt. At the same time the most expert and experienced ski-ers and tobogganers pin their faith and comfort on weatherproof cloth knickers and coat, fashioned after the style of the example pictured. Usually in some useful, neutral tone, these costumes may be rendered gay and attractive by the addition of coloured woolly caps and scarves, for, very rightly, there is a general desire to make an effective appearance at the start, which is frequently sadly discounted on the return.

But once the fun commences few give a second thought as to how they look, the expert far too keen on beating records, and the tyros lost to the world endeavouring to keep themselves upright on treacherous skis, or inside the weird machines in which they toboggan and luge.

"Après l'Été" Treatment

WHEN Elizabeth Arden opened her large and sumptuously equipped London depot at 25, Old Bond Street, W. 1, several months ago, financial things here were at rather a low ebb, and some of us were divided between admiration for her courage and a slight apprehension as to her achieving the speedy recognition warranted by her skill; but, as events have proved, the first was well justified, and the latter wholly superfluous.

It is not her way to generalise, special individual treatments for definite ills being a marked feature of the establishment. Thus *Après l'Été* treatment, as the title denotes, is for softening the outer layer of skin coarsened by exposure. It arouses every cell to healthy functioning, and purifies the complexion into a condition of clear loveliness. It is, moreover, a potent bleach, and removes freckles, whitening and refining a weather-tanned skin, while at the same time stimulating the circulation which is the very root and basis of a good complexion.

For the Vraie Élégante

IS there any end, one wonders, to the energy and enterprise of Madame Barri? It is only the other day we had to record her removal from 31, Baker Street to 33, New Bond Street, an upheaval, it may be mentioned *en passant*, crowned by a complete success, and now the news comes how she has acquired the century-old, highly esteemed business of John Simmons and Sons, Haymarket.

The fame of this house for its tailor-mades is unrivalled, and the work will be continued on exactly the same lines at New Bond Street, since the whole of Mr. Simmons staff of expert workers are migrating there. Madame Barri will, furthermore, continue to make the historical dresses for which the Simmons firm is world-renowned, and Mr. Simmons has kindly lent his wonderful authentic collection of old books and prints on this subject. These have proved, and are certain to continue to prove, of invaluable assistance towards stage and fancy dresses.

Remarkable Fur Bargains

IT scarcely needs the assurance of Debenham and Freebody that all their furs are of sound and reliable quality, and, also, that they never deal with cheap, showy peltry, realising how, in the long run, these are not only unsatisfactory, but really extravagant, because all the world knows the high integrity of this house in Wigmore Street, where the winter sale is at present in progress, and the surplus stock of furs obtainable at appreciably reduced prices, these including several of the newest styles in wrap-cloaks and coats, notably six coats

A WINTER SPORTS SUIT

Of weatherproof material in neutral tints. A gay little Chinese embroidered cap adds a bright note of colour

Original design by Betty Nisbet

only, of selected French dyed sable hamster, which closely resembles sable dyed squirrel in appearance, lined rich quality silk brocade, that have been marked down to 65 guineas, and ten coatees of selected moleskin, trimmed various furs and lined crêpe de Chine, reduced from 59-79 guineas to 49 guineas.

Approximately half the original cost price are a number of model evening gowns bearing such covetable names as Drecoll, Jean Patou, Lanvin, etc., a similar procedure characterising the ready-to-wear, inexpensive gown department, where smart little dinner and dance frocks range from 98*s.* 6*d.*

Blouse Novelties

THE blouse beautiful, it is said, is once again rising to a prominent place in the dress firmament, and among several interesting new designs is a *paysanne* model, here shown on the right-hand figure. The *paysanne* touch is immediately made apparent in the fine tucked top, which is cut in one piece with the sleeves. It is, in fact, quite Czecho-Slovakian in feeling, and finds most attractive expression in *beige* crêpe romain, embroidered in dull red and black, with touches of bright madonna blue. With the sleeves a small licence is taken, the slit up the back being caught to the wrist by a tiny band of the material.

To provide the necessary form and shapeliness, there is usually worn beneath a short brassière bodice, which in this case would be of *beige* satin ribbon, as its presence is revealed in the long, oval-shaped opening in front Equally novel in its way is the demure companion of ivory crêpe de Chine, the fronts ornamented with fine clustered tucks, and the round *décolletage* finished with a turn-down collar of the same and a bow and long ends of black *moiré* ribbon.

TWO NOVEL BLOUSES
One of ivory crepe de Chine, the other of beige creps romain embroidered in dull red, black and madonna blue
Original designs by Betty Nisbet

Dyeing and Cleaning de Luxe

THE wide divergence in the quality of cleaning and dyeing is becoming more apparent every day. Garments and household articles at one time thrown away as hopeless and done for are nowadays submitted to such expert handling as to be restored not relatively, but actually equal to their original appearance, always provided, of course, the right services are requisitioned.

Many, doubtless, can recall the day when a man would have scorned to have a suit dyed. And they had good reason, since there was unknown then that miraculous Franco-Barbe method inaugurated under the auspices of the Castlebank Dyeworks, Glasgow.

In addition to cleaning and dyeing, the Castlebank people undertake repairing, a big-felt want where men's clothes are concerned. For this there is an auxiliary

(*Continued on page* viii)

NEW SPRING CLOTHES AT REDUCED PRICES DURING THE SALE

With a view to keeping our workers fully employed during the last few weeks we have made up a number of Coats, Coat-frocks, Costumes, Evening Gowns and Wraps, which have been specially designed for the forthcoming Spring. These garments are made from the finest quality materials, and we feel confident that in offering new and fashionable Spring clothes during our Sale at these exceptionally low prices we are taking a step which will meet with the approval of the majority of our customers.

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3.

No. 1. **HANDSOME GOWN** in good quality brocade, cut on becoming lines suitable for full figures, with crossover bodice and side panels of crepe beauté to tone. In Black and many good colours
SALE PRICE **£5 18 6**

No. 2. **SMART SPRING SUIT** in various width stripes of Navy and White and Black and White suitings; becoming coat with collar that can be worn open or closed trimmed grey velvet, and basque of material going the reverse way; skirt with straps of own material.
SPECIAL SALE PRICE **7½ Gns.**

No. 3. **SMART VELOUR WRAP**, suitable for day or evening wear, in good quality velour cloth, with large collar, cuffs and deep flounce of best quality Coney Fur. In several good shades, also Black. Lined throughout.
SALE PRICE **12½ Gns.**

Goods cannot be sent on approval during the Sale.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE VERE ST. & OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.

THE
BYSTANDER

No. 998.—Vol. LXXVII. Wednesday, January 17, 1923 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: Gerrard 36.
Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

HAMPTON & SONS,
20, ST. JAMES' SQUARE, S.W.1.

Branch Office: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W. 19.
Telephone: Wimbledon 80.

NORTHERN HEIGHTS.

10 minutes from main line station.

FOR SALE, SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT RESIDENCE, with double walls and every modern convenience: 3 reception rooms, billiard room 8 bedrooms, bathroom.

Very fine winter garden.

CO.'S GAS AND WATER; MAIN DRAINAGE; TELEPHONE.

Beautiful laid-out grounds of just over an ACRE.

Inspected and recommended by
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (R.1013)

ON THE DEVONSHIRE COAST.

Close to the Sea.

⅛ MILE FROM YACHT CLUB.

SPECIAL REASONS FOR QUICK SALE.

NICELY ARRANGED RESIDENCE, substantially built, and in one of the best positions: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom.

Stables; matured grounds of nearly 2 ACRES.

CO.'S WATER; GAS; ELECTRIC LIGHT; MAIN DRAINAGE.

PRICE £4,400.

Recommended from recent inspection.
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (C.32198)

FINCHLEY.

Pleasantly situated close to a Station.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, this well-built and appointed RESIDENCE, recently redecorated: 3 excellent reception rooms, fine billiard room, spacious hall, conservatory, 8 bedrooms.

CENTRAL HEATING; ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Heated garage. Grounds of about an ACRE.

Agents,
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (M.13908a)

HERTS, RADLETT.

Delightfully situated on high ground.

NEAR PORTERS PARK GOLF COURSE.

FOR SALE, VERY ATTRACTIVE AND WELL-FITTED RESIDENCE, containing, on 2 FLOORS ONLY: lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom.

ELECTRIC LIGHT; CENTRAL HEATING.

Excellent garage, with chauffeur's rooms and well-laid-out gardens, tennis lawn, etc., in all about 2 ACRES.

Inspected and recommended by
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (R.244)

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephones: Western 1 (85 lines) Byfleet 149.

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and Byfleet. AUCTIONEERS

KENT AND SUSSEX BORDERS. FREEHOLD, £5,500.

Beautiful Panoramic Views extending to the Royal Ashdown Forest.

WELL-BUILT AND PLANNED RESIDENCE, occupying a very favourite position, being convenient to station, churches, and telegraph office. Approached by carriage drive. South aspect: 3 reception, billiard room, 6 good bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices.

MAIN DRAINAGE; ELECTRIC LIGHT; EXCELLENT WATER. TELEPHONE.

Garage and useful outbuildings, charmingly laid-out grounds, full-sized tennis lawn, rockery, lily pond, kitchen garden, orchard and paddock in all NEARLY 4 ACRES.

HUNTING WITH THE ERIDGE PACK.

Inspected and strongly recommended.
—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

GENTLEMAN'S PLEASURE PIG FARM.

ESSEX COAST.

Recognised beautiful part of the country, commanding grand land and sea views.

CAPITAL OLD RESIDENCE, with: lounge hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices.

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS, tennis and other lawns. Kitchen garden, together with arable pasture land, extending to an area of 55 ACRES.

Stabling for 4. Garage. Bungalow. Piggeries for 100.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £3,500.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

READING AND BASINGSTOKE.

Beautiful Timbered Country. South Aspect.

PICTURESQUE MODERN FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing in park-like grounds, occupying a choice position, 250 ft. above sea level: lounge hall, 3 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices.

MODERN DRAINAGE; ELECTRIC LIGHT; CENTRAL HEATING.

Model farmery, stabling, and garage.

Excellent cottage if desired.

Well-matured pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, productive kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, and meadowland, in all about 30 ACRES.

MODERATE PRICE.

Inspected and strongly recommended.
—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64 Brompton Road, S.W.1.

KENT. 10 MILES OUT.

SPLENDID HOUSE. HIGH POSITION. EVERY CONVENIENCE.

PRICE £4,500 OR NEAR OFFER.

EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, convenient for station, etc.: 3 reception, billiard room, 2 conservatories, 8 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT; CO.'S WATER AND GAS; MAIN DRAINAGE. TELEPHONE.

Garage and stabling, with rooms over, outbuildings, greenhouses; matured pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, herbaceous borders, ornamental trees and shrubs and productive walled kitchen garden, in all about 2 ACRES.

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

Inspected and strongly recommended by Sole Agents,
—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

KENT COAST. NEAR KINGSDOWN GOLF LINKS

and easy reach of Deal and Sandwich.

DELIGHTFUL MODERN RESIDENCE, high situation with views of sea and country, close to station, etc. Well built and recently redecorated. Contains: 6-7 bed and dressing rooms, hall and cloak room, 3 reception, bathroom, offices.

GAS, MAIN WATER AND DRAINS.

Garage, workshop, and outbuildings.

Charming matured pleasure garden; tennis lawn; well-stocked kitchen garden with fruit trees, etc., in all about 1 ACRE.

FREEHOLD, £3,500.

Sole Agents,
—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

Auctioneers, Land Agents, and Surveyors.

CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2. MOUNT STREET, W.1, AND STOW-ON-THE-WOLD, GLOS.

Telephone { Grosvenor 1427 „ 2716
Telegrams: "Audconslar, Audley, London."

Within a short distance of the SUSSEX COAST.

High up, commanding grand views and only 2½ miles from Hastings.

THE STONE-BUILT FREEHOLD RESIDENCE known as "HAZELHURST," ORE. In rural and secluded position. The House contains: lounge hall, billiard and 3 reception, 8 principal bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and capital servants' accommodation.

PERFECTLY FITTED AND IN EXCELLENT ORDER.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS AND WATER. CENTRAL HEATING. TELEPHONE. Stabling. Garage. Men's rooms. 2 cottages. Charming gardens with paddock, orchard, and woodland, in all 12½ ACRES.

For SALE, Privately or by Auction, at an early date.

Full details from the Auctioneers,

CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1, and Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

GRAND YACHTING FACILITIES.

THIS DELIGHTFULLY PLACED RESIDENCE, known as "RAVENSWOOD," HAMBLE, with beautiful gardens and grounds sloping to the River, is approached by drive, and contains: lounge, billiard and 3 reception, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms and well-fitted offices. ELECTRIC LIGHT. TELEPHONE. Stabling. Garage. 2 cottages. Commodious yacht-house.

WELL-APPOINTED THROUGHOUT.

Pleasure grounds, fruit and vegetable garden, paddock and woods, extending to about 16 ACRES.

For SALE, Privately or by Auction, next month.

Full details from the Auctioneers,

CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1, and Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

GENTLEMEN'S PLEASURE FARMS.

NORTH DEVON.—Beautiful position, 600 ft. up, facing South. Approached by drive, the House, surrounded by gardens and farmlands of 45 ACRES, contains: 4 reception, bath, 12 bedrooms, and usual offices. Cottage, stables, and farm buildings. Low price.

Full details from

CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1, and Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

SURREY.—Delightful Old ELIZABETHAN FARMHOUSE, containing a quantity of old oak beams and panelling, with lounge hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, 3 attics, and usual offices. Ample farm buildings in good condition and 200 ACRES of good sound agricultural land, including some very valuable water meadows.

Within easy daily reach of Town.

Price and full details from

CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1, and Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

WILTS.—In a grand Hunting centre, delightful old FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE, charmingly decorated and in excellent order throughout, containing: lounge hall, billiard, and 2 reception rooms, bath, 6 bedrooms, and usual offices. Capital buildings. *Valuable grass farm of 200 Acres*, with 30 Acres woodland. Confidently recommended as result of inspection. *Rental value of land alone affords good percentage on entire outlay.*

Full details from Sole Agents,

CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1, and Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

SUSSEX.—In the lovely Ashdown Forest District. The House contains: lounge hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices. Capital farm buildings and about 48 ACRES, mainly pasture. Possession on completion.

Full details from

CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1, and Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

Lighting & Cooking for the Country Home

The "Silverlite" The Labour Saver
Works with Petrol.

A generator starting and stopping automatically, and so simple that it can be attended to by a maid.

NON POISONOUS
NON EXPLOSIVE

Ensure a cheap and constant supply of pure gas—The "Silverlite." THE machine with the highest name for reliability and wonderful economy

Anyone dissatisfied with their lighting consult

SPENSERS

The Lighting Experts,
6B, LONDON STREET, LONDON, W.2
(Opposite Great Western Rly. Station),
AND AT EDINBURGH.

STEAMING HOT WATER —ALWAYS

A hot bath whenever you want it, and hot water for washing up or scouring at any time; this is the result of installing one of these modern fuel-saving hot water systems which consume but a very small quantity of fuel when compared with the costly range boiler.

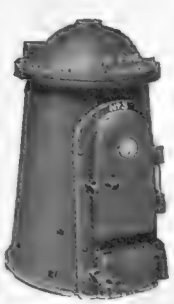
Batheater APPARATUS

This splendid installation, combining boiler and hot water storage tank, needs very little attention. One stoking is sufficient for many hours, and it eats up far less fuel than the old-fashioned kitchen range—a method now antiquated for water-heating systems. If a range boiler is already fixed, and requires replacing our

Bonfire BOILER

without cylinder, can be used with equal success and connected to existing pipes. *Write for full particulars and name of nearest stockist.*

JONES & ATTWOOD LTD.,
TITAN BOILER WORKS,
STOURBRIDGE.



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Chivers' Jellies

Flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juices

SIMPLE to make—
LUSCIOUS to taste—
and perfectly PURE
and WHOLESOME

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD.,
The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge.

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THE "ASHCROFT" BOILER.

This Boiler is very suitable for Garage and Greenhouse Heating as particulars below.

	Size of Boiler	To Heat 4in. Pipe	Tapping	Diam of Smoke Pipe	Price Exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 1	12in. x 8in.	40ft	1¼in.	4in.	£2 19 0
,, 2	12in. x 12in.	60ft	1¼in.	4in.	£3 17 4
,, 3	12in. x 16in.	80ft	1¼in.	4in.	£4 12 8
,, 4	16in. x 12in.	120ft	1¼in.	5in.	£7 14 4
,, 5	16in. x 18in.	160ft	1¼in.	5in.	£9 11 0
,, 6	16in. x 24in.	200ft	1¼in.	5in.	£11 19 0
,, 7	16in. x 30in.	240ft	1¼in.	5in.	£14 11 4

GREENHOUSE	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	GARAGE	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
No. 1	Boiler, 11 0	x 11 0	x 8 0	No. 1 Boiler,	20 0	x 20 0	x 10 0
,, 2	,, 11 0	x 16 0	x 8 0	,, 2 ,,	25 0	x 25 0	x 10 0
,, 3	,, 11 0	x 21 0	x 8 0	,, 3 ,,	28 0	x 28 0	x 10 0

Or same cubical contents

ELECTRIC LIGHT-MAKING PLANT.

VERTICAL BOILER and **ENGINE** on one bedplate with Duplex Westinghouse Pump, super-heater, 8 h.p. boiler (new 1914), No. 32874, engine No. 20738; makers, Robey and Co.; two-pole type generator capacity about 6 kw., 52 cells, etc. Can be seen by appointment. County Surrey.—Further particulars from Box, R.V., THE BYSTANDER, Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

BUCKS, GT. MISSENDEN (near station).—Choice old COUNTRY HOUSE; 5 bed, 3 reception, bath; Co.'s water, telephone; old-world gardens and orchard; 3 acres; tennis; cottage, stables, garage. Freehold.—PRETTY and ELLIS, Land Agents, Gt. Missenden.

Do You Suffer from ASTHMA or BRONCHITIS?

If so, please note that Potter's Asthma Cure never fails to give sweet and instant relief. Do you say "Is this possible?" Our answer is, "Prove it," by immediately sending for our Free Trial.

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

gives comfortable days and restful nights. Makes life worth living and enables you to follow your daily occupation without fear of break down. *The best remedy for bronchitis of children.* Good also for Croup, Whooping Cough and Lung troubles. Free from opiates and neither causes headache nor bad after-effects.

Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores for 1/6 or post free 1/9 from **Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.**

Smoke Potter's Asthma Cure Cigarettes when out of doors.

A Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Asthma Cigarettes, together with book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent to every reader who encloses 2d. stamp. Write and mention this paper, or

Sign this Form to-day

and post to address above.

Name.....

Address.....

Bystander

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Baby Carriages

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Refinement,
Distinction,
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Durability.

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125-129 Gt. Portland St. London, W.1.

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(Full particulars on page 166).

Title of Photo

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Cut this out and paste on back of photograph.

WOOLLANDS

Quality Sale

NOW PROCEEDING

Early Spring Models at Special Prices

E. 123.—Very charming Hat with Black Velvet crown and Lace brim, bound at edge with a narrow bind of velvet and lace fan at back. In Black, Nigger and Copper. **Price 3½ Gns.**

V. 125.—Attractive Pedal Straw Hat, with brim slightly drooping in front, turned up at back and finished with loops of ribbon in self colourings and ribbon swathed round crown. In all colours. **Price 4 Gns.**

WOOLLAND BROS., LTD., Knightsbridge, S.W.1

QUALITY— without EXTRAVAGANCE

HOWEVER quaint, however orthodox the scheme of decoration, the new range of Hoskins Twin beds completes the picture. A delight to the eye and an invitation to real, healthy repose—comfortable and without a suggestion of rattle or creak, these beds are built to last a lifetime. Produced in seamless steel in a range of never-before-attempted designs they are beautifully finished in a variety of colours by the special "Egshel" method which gives a surface hard to chip and easy to clean; also as oak, walnut or mahogany. For the small room, flat or bungalow, nothing could be better in taste or more dainty in design; and the price—absolutely inexpensive—such beds only cost £3 to £5 5s. each.

For every reader of "The Bystander" there is a copy of "For a Good Night," "Hoskins Gift to the World," and beautiful booklets describing Hoskins "Silver Spring" and "Silent Night" mattresses, good bedding, etc. May we post you copies? If your furnisher cannot show you Hoskins sleep equipment, write to us. We will see that it is shown to you. See the Hoskins name and tag on every bed you buy.

HOSKINS & SEWELL, LTD.

301, OXFORD STREET,

(twixt Regent Street and Bond Street)

LONDON, W.1.

Hoskins Beds for a Good Night

H.C.T.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S LAST WEEK OF SALE

Final Reductions Commencing Next Monday.

10 only Model **FUR COATS** of which one sketched is a typical example in dyed Grey American Broadtail Lamb with edging to collar, flounce and cuffs of Grey Dyed Wolf.
Original Price, 79 to 125 Gns.
SALE PRICE **39 Gns.**

TEA FROCKS in good quality Chiffon Taffeta, several good shapes of which sketch is a typical example with the new side frills. These Frocks are of exceptional value.
In various colours and Black, 98/6
TO CLEAR AT **69/6**

Useful **PETTICOAT** in good quality Moire Poplin cut on generous lines for full figures, similar to sketch, finished at foot with narrow crystal kilting.
Usual Price, 8/9.
SALE PRICE **6/9**

Knitted Artificial **SILK JUMPER** (as sketch) made from best quality yarn in very fine stitch which wears well, made in beautiful colourings.
Usual Price, 63/-.
SALE PRICE **42/-**

Goods cannot be sent on approval during the Sale.

REMNANT DAY THURSDAY.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
Vere Street & Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Miss Ivy Tresmand wearing her "L.B." Velour. *Photo by Arbuthnot.*

Model 713

In a good range of the Season's Colours.

Special Reduced Prices during January only - - **39/6**

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

Lincoln Bennett

LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40, PICCADILLY, LONDON

'Make beauty a duty.'

Bristow's Georgian Soap

A Soap of Quality for Delicate Skins

10d. per Tablet, or 2/6 for 3 Tablet Box.
Large Toilet Tablets, 1/3.
Extra Large Bath Tablets, 2/6.

Georgian Shaving Soap
Price: 1/3 per Stick
"A soothed face, a smooth face all day & every day."

Obtainable of all High-class Chemists and Stores including

J. Barker & Coy Ltd. — C.S.S.A. Ltd.
D.H.Evans & Co Ltd — Derry & Toms.
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Taylors Drug Stores — Selfridge & Co Ltd
Wm Whiteley Ltd

T. F. BRISTOW & Coy Ltd
Established 1777
Clerkenwell, London.

Lux for Lace

LUX is closely associated with all that is delightful in the washing and preserving of dainty fabrics. No material is more delightful than Lace, and we give here a few particulars of Mechlin, knowing that, whenever you think of Lace in general, or Mechlin in particular, you will always remember that Lux is just splendid for maintaining Lace in the fulness of its beauty and charm.

MECHLIN. The "cordonnet," or thread outlining the pattern in Mechlin Lace, is always flat and silky; the "réseau" has a hexagonal mesh made of two threads twisted twice on four sides, and four threads plaited three times on the two other sides. This gives rise to a net much smaller than that of Brussels lace. The fact that the threads forming this "réseau" always run either parallel with or at right angles to the length of the lace, and do not follow the convolutions of the pattern, at once distinguishes Mechlin from Brussels.

Lux is an ideal preparation for washing such delightful fabrics as Crêpe-de-Chine, Ninon, Georgette, Charmeuse, Delaine, and Voile.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

Put the Lux flakes into a bowl, pour on boiling water, and whisk into a lather. Reduce to the required temperature. Gently squeeze the creamy suds through and through the texture, then rinse in clean water.

LUX

FOR DAINTY FABRICS

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

Lx 255—34b.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

department, where skilled men tailors make good frayed cuffs and trouser turn-ups, holes in pockets, torn linings, enlarged button holes, missing buttons and the like, attention being accorded ladies' tailoring when requested.

Among the minor dress accessories handled with conspicuous success are gloves, shoes, furs, feathers and hats, the latter not only being cleaned, but reblocked and remodelled to selected shapes.

"A Health unto His Majestie"—

This age-old toast has been honoured in many ways—and in many liquors. In Port more often than in others, perhaps, save in the rugged land North of the Tweed, where the "staple product" is so often a vehicle for the fervid loyalty of the Scot. And talking of Royal Toasts, one is reminded that the famous whisky purveyors, John Begg, Ltd., have held a Royal Warrant since 1848, and have supplied all the Royal Palaces for over seventy years. No mean record, this, for the Royal Lochnagar Distillery at Balmoral.

—And an Obvious Accessory

But, of course, unless again one is North of the Tweed, even if the loyalty is undiluted, the medium must be. So why not with a British table-water? Burrow's Malvern Table Waters, bottled at St. Anne's Well, Malvern, have had set on them the Royal seal of success—a Warrant of Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

A Herculean Task!

Three hundred thousand corrections! These form a succinct record of the changes in London and in its population that a year has wrought, and a small index of the amount of work entailed in the compilation of the 1923 edition of *The Post Office London Directory* (Kelly's Directories, Ltd., price 55*s*.). Among the new trades which appear for the first time are "Arseno-Argenticum Manufacturers" —whatever they are! and "Cocktail Shakers Manufacturers"—which most people know! Seating plans for all leading London theatres are included as another new feature of the edition which, as is the case with all this enterprising firm's publications, keeps well-abreast of public needs, and caters very fully for the catholicity of modern tastes.

FOR QUEEN MARY'S DOLLS' HOUSE

The miniature Rudge motor bicycle and sidecar, which will be garaged in the Dolls' House presented to H.M. Queen Mary, shown held in the hand of a member of the Rudge-Whitworth staff. It is built exactly to one-twelfth part of actual size, and every detail is complete

By the Zuyder Zee

The proprietor of the well-known Hotel de France of Rotterdam has purchased the Maas Hotel of the same town, which is situated right on the River Maas, and commands a beautiful view of this river. The Hotel de France, which has for many years upheld a well-deserved reputation, will now carry over its excellent organisation and the contents of its famous cellars to the Maas Hotel building. Add to this the fact that the former Director of the Hotel de France will now give the new combine all the benefit of his thirty years' career in connection with the hotel business, and success seems assured.

Corrigendum

Our attention has been drawn by the Oliver Typewriting Company to an unfortunate error which occurred in our December 13 issue. We inadvertently referred to the well-known typewriter made by this firm as "All-British." The machine is, of course, made in America, but the Oliver Typewriting Company, Ltd., of London, employ only British subjects.

For over 15 years Roboleine has been prescribed by the medical profession.

These are the 'DANGER MONTHS'; make yourself SAFE by taking

ROBOLEINE

THE ONLY TRUE BODY-BUILDER

2/-, 3/6 & 6/-

ROBOLEINE is not a new-fangled patent medicine. It is not a mere stimulant or tonic. It is the concentrated essence of the most valuable food products in existence. It consists of Red Marrow, 'Cream of Malt,' Egg Yolk and Neutralized Lemon Juice, and is therefore a perfectly balanced natural FOOD, containing the three vitamins at present known to science.

The Medical Profession has consistently recommended Roboleine for the past 15 years.

If you feel that you are 'below par'—if you catch cold easily—if you are susceptible to weather changes, take ROBOLEINE. No patent medicines, drugs or tonics will do you any PERMANENT good.

The only way is to BUILD UP your system, NOURISH your body. Make yourself fit to withstand climatic changes. January, February and March are the DANGER MONTHS. They find out the weak spots unless your body is truly well-nourished.

ROBOLEINE WILL BUILD YOU UP

and your Doctor will tell you that it will.

Do not put off taking the only sensible precaution against Winter illness. When you take Roboleine you are fortifying your system by the same means that all the great Sanatoria use and have used for 15 years. For rickets in children and in all cases of malnutrition ROBOLEINE is the greatest benefactor. Doctors and nurses are all familiar with its body-building properties.

YOUR CHEMIST HAS ROBOLEINE OR CAN GET IT FOR YOU QUICKLY. ASK HIM.

Write for free sample and literature, post free.

Sole Manufacturers: Oppenheimer, Son & Company, Limited, 179, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

From January 1st, 1923, the price of

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

(Toilet and Nursery)

Save your Wrappers

has been reduced to **6d.** per tablet

Save your Wrappers

and Bath size 10d. per tablet.

In this connection the Proprietors have pleasure in announcing a

PRIZE COMPETITION

The prizes will be awarded to those who send the greatest number of wrappers not later than April 30, 1923, under the following conditions

£500 in Cash Prizes

1st Prize - - - £100	20 prizes of - - £10
2nd Prize - - - £50	15 prizes of - - - £5
3rd Prize - - - £25	25 prizes of - - - £2

CONDITIONS

1. Only printed wrappers which cover the outside of each tablet of Soap will be considered.
2. Each parcel of wrappers must bear the name and address of the sender, and the total number sent must be clearly written.
3. Wrappers should be neatly folded, either by Registered Post or otherwise delivered in a sealed packet to address as under.
4. Names and addresses of Prize Winners will be published in the "Daily Mail," "Daily Express," "Daily Mirror," "Daily Sketch," May 31.
5. In the event of ties the prizes will be divided. The decision of the Managing Director of Wright, Layman & Umney, Ltd., will be final, and no correspondence in connection with this Competition will be entered into. Address :—Prize Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44/50, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1.

Last day for receiving wrappers April 30, 1923.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

JANUARY SALE OF IRISH LINEN

Write for Illustrated Sale List No. 44T, sent post free. We guarantee delivery of parcels, and pay carriage on orders of 20/- and upwards in United Kingdom.

THE whole of Robinson & Cleaver's stock of Irish Linen, Damask Table Cloths, Sheets, Pillow Cases and Towels, is offered during this Sale at greatly reduced prices. These are accumulations of the very best Linen goods manufactured in our factory, on which our world-wide reputation for the past half-century has been built up.

No. B 171.—Amazing offer of Hemstitched Pure Linen Sheets. Size 2 x 2¾ yds. Worth 37/6. SALE PRICE per pair **29/11**

No. B 171. — Plain Pure Irish Linen Pillow Cases. Size 20 x 30 ins. Worth 45/- per dozen. SALE PRICE—**6** for **17/6**

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The SCOTCH WHISKY supplied to all the ROYAL PALACES for over 70 YEARS

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SOME WINTER SALADS

BEETROOT AND CELERY SALAD
RUSSIAN FISH SALAD
SEAKALE SALAD
A POTATO SALAD
CHICKEN SALAD
CORN AND RICE SALAD

Beetroot and Celery Salad

TAKE the hearts from two heads of celery, cut them into small cubes, and place them in the centre of the salad-bowl. Cut into ornamental pieces some boiled beetroot, and place it round the celery. Mix in a basin the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, two dessertspoonfuls of olive oil, two dessertspoonfuls of cream, a teaspoonful of mustard, salt and pepper to taste, and one dessertspoonful of French vinegar. Stir thoroughly, and beat it up together and pour it over the celery and beetroot. By way of decoration, cut up very small a tablespoonful of the green tops of the celery, and sprinkle them over the salad.

Russian Fish Salad

Flake any cold cooked white fish, arrange it in a salad-bowl, decorate with strips of anchovy, sardine and chopped egg, also some chopped gherkin and capers. Surround with a ring of cold boiled and sliced potato, and pour mayonnaise sauce over the centre. Garnish with chopped gherkin and capers.

Seakale Salad

Pour into a deep pie-dish some cream and a little tarragon vinegar; cut the seakale into pieces and place them in the cream twelve hours before using; have some endive and lettuce prepared ready, and put in a bowl with the seakale and cream on the top. A little cut beetroot is a tasty addition. This makes a delicious salad.

A Potato Salad

Cut some cooked potatoes in neat slices, also some boiled roots of celeriac and beetroot. In the middle of the salad-bowl make a heap of endive, two blanched celery stalks, frizzed, in short lengths. Surround with the sliced vegetables. Pour over the whole a good mayonnaise sauce.

Chicken Salad

Cut up a cold chicken into small pieces, dividing the joints neatly, and put into an entrée-dish or a bowl, season with salt and pepper, pour over a sauce made with oil and vinegar, some stoned olives and a few capers, and put this dish aside for an hour. Wash and drain two French lettuces and some celery, and place it in alternate layers with the chicken, in the shape of a pyramid, mask with stiff mayonnaise. Garnish with quarters of hard-boiled egg, and serve.

N.B.—Chicken breasts sold in bottles could be used for this purpose very advantageously.

Corn and Rice Salad

Turn a tin of corn out on to a sieve, let some cold water from the tap run over it, and let it drain till dry. Boil some rice for fifteen minutes, dry it well till the grains are well separated, and when quite cold mix with the same quantity of corn and cover with mayonnaise sauce and a little chopped celery, and serve. EMILIA

LIFELIKE TRANSFORMATIONS
ANY STYLE TO ORDER

Which add charm and distinction to the appearance. Price according to quantity of Hair, **£4 17 6, £3 12 9,** and **£2 10 9.** With Natural Skin Parting, from **£6 6 0.** Beautiful Wavy Toupets with Natural Skin Parting, from **£2 10 9,** according to depth of Parting.

Switches of Pure Human Hair. Any length to order.

16 inches	5/9	22 inches	15/9
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Grey or Light Shades extra.

A pattern of hair and remittance must accompany each order.

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For Goods on Approval see our Descriptive Catalogue, post free from The Manageress—
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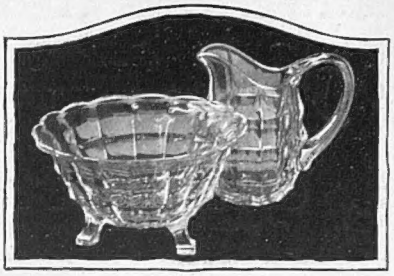
La Corona
Half-a-Corona
Cigar

The only genuine miniature of Havana's most famous cigar. Half Corona size, but all Corona quality.

A Liqueur in Havana Cigars.

Obtainable from all high-class Tobacconists, 112/6 per 100, packed in boxes of 100; or 29/6 per box of 25.

MELBOURNE HART & CO.,
31-34, Basinghall Street, E.C.



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"Jacobean" glassware reconciles the claims of beauty and utility in unusually happy fashion. It is manufactured in exclusive designs for all domestic purposes

If your dealer does not stock "Jacobean" glassware, write to the makers for the name of one who does

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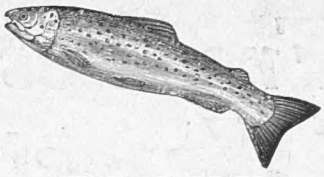
GLASSWARE

Made by CLAYTON MAYERS & CO., of 28 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. 1, who also make "Dazzlex" Cut Glass de Luxe



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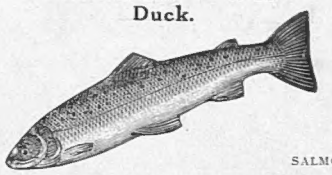

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10 Days' COLOGNE and WIESBADEN Tour.. .. .. £10 0 0
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Wholesale only:—TITTERTON & HOWARD Ltd., London, W. Makers of the **Athenæum Tooth Brush**—the most scientifically constructed brush yet invented for cleaning the teeth. Childs 1/6, Adults 2/-

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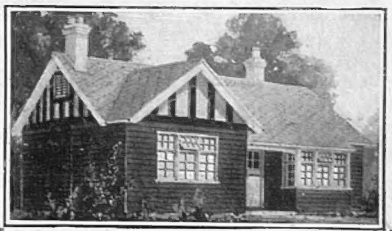

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HAIR TINT, FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark brown, light brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs

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In sizes to light the Bungalow or the Mansion.

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Freckles says:
"We gets a quarter, Sundays"

"Dad brings it home Saturday night

and mother puts it in her apron pocket to hide it, she does . . . 'cos we always find it right at the back of the corner cupboard.

"At Sunday School time we generally gets three lumps —me and our kid. And if we're good and bring home a text card . . . we get another each.

"So we get done good both ways, specially Sundays . . . 'cos eating good things must make you good same as listening to 'em."

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Plain Toffee-de-Luxe. **Almond Toffee-de-Luxe.** **Café-de-Luxe.**
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8d Qtr. *Sold loose by weight, and in Tins at 1/3, 2/-, 2/6, and 5/-*

Be It Known

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That all smokers delight in its coolness and slowness of burning.

That it is free from dust and waste, and can be smoked with full enjoyment to the bottom of the bowl.

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Sold everywhere in the following packings only:—
2-oz. Tins, 2/4
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Cigarette smokers should try Three Nuns Cigarettes, made from pure, selected Virginia leaf.

10 *for* 6D.

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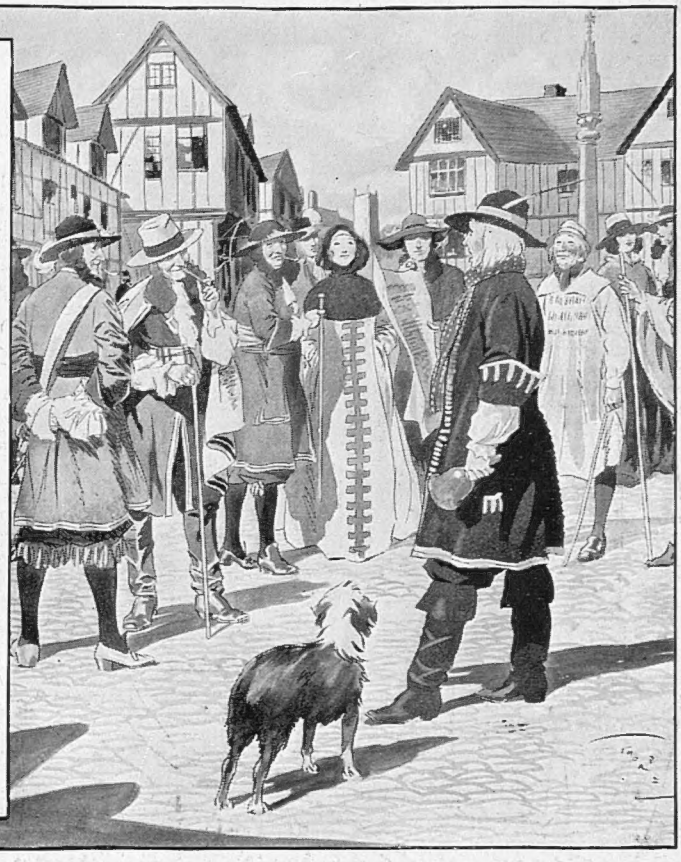

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OBTAINABLE FROM ALL ELECTRICIANS
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He knows that Anzora will overcome any annoying Hair troubles when preparing for the social function.

Being clean, easy to use, and delicately perfumed, it has become the recognised Hair Controller for the Man-who-cares.

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Anzora Vanishing Cream.—Ladies will find it very refreshing and beneficial to the skin. Pure, free from grease and delicately perfumed. Obtained in handy jars at ... **1/3**

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